

TOM CANDY PONTING'S
LIFE

Graff

The Newberry Library

The Everett D. Graff Collection
of Western Americana

3314

106.1070
T10

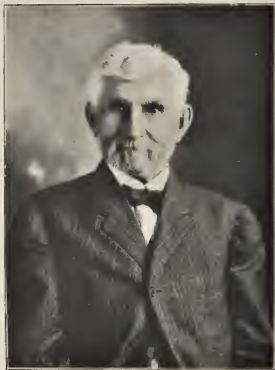




Life of
Tom Candy Ponting







Tom Candy Ponting



Margaret Snyder Ponting



Story of My Life

My name is Tom Candy Ponting. I was born at Hayden farm, Parish of Kilsmeredo near Bath, Somersetshire, England, August 26, 1824. My mother's maiden name was Ruth Sherron. My father's name was John, and my grandfather Ponting's name was Theophilus. My grandmother Ponting's maiden name was Candy. I was the fourth of nine children; eight of the nine lived to marry. I now have living two sisters and one brother; my brother, John, lives in Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio.

I was married in 1856 to Margaret, daughter of Michael and Margaret Kautz Snyder. Mrs. Ponting has four brothers and one sister married and the heads of families in Moweaqua, and ten of her Snyder nephews and nieces have married and remained here, so that I am related by marriage to almost every family in the town. For over sixty years there has been no death in Mrs. Ponting's family, with the exception of her parents, both of whom lived to be over eighty. Her mother died in 1892, and her father in 1896. Christopher Snyder is the only brother of Mrs. Ponting who does not live here. Seven children have been born to us—Mary, Christopher, Frederick, Jessie Alice, Theophilus William, Margaret Ruth, Everette Austin and Earl Wayne. The first two and Ruth died in infancy. Jessie,

Everette and Wayne are still living and all are married. In 1883, Jessie married J. Wheeler Adams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jo. Adams, mentioned in this history. Jessie's family live at our old home farm near Moweaqua. Six children have come to them: Alta, who married Clyde Hight in 1903, Thurman Theopholis, Zelma, Undine, Armour, Lois Navarra and Cecilia. Armour died in —.

Everette was married to Stella Rockey of Assumption in 1905. They live at Stonington, and have one son, my namesake, Tom Rockey Ponting, who will be two years old next February, and for whom I have especially written this account of my life.

Wayne married Cecilia Michael of Assumption in 1902. They reside in Moweaqua and have no children.

The Ponting family were breeders of cattle (that I have followed all my life) both in England and in this country. The Ponting family came into England with William the Conqueror; so we are descendants of Normandy. The Pontings settled within a few miles from where I was born, all the early ones and up to my grandfather's death, were buried in the Fauset graveyard. I found that the oldest monument in the church was put up to a Ponting. It was put up two hundred and ninety eight years before I went over there.

I came to the United States in 1847 with brother John. We came out with a lady and gentle-

man who were returning from England, their home being Wooster, Ohio. I sailed from London in the ship, London. In those days it took six weeks to make the trip. After I landed I spent two days in New York, then took the boat on the Hudson river to Albany, from there took the railroad to Buffalo, and the boat from Buffalo to Cleveland. At Cleveland we sent our baggage on to Wooster. There was no railroad in that part of the country and the baggage had to be sent in traveling wagons, which were for the purpose of carrying goods backward and forward. After leaving Cleveland we footed it to Strongville, Ohio, about fifteen miles south of Cleveland. We stopped there several days with Mr. Roberts, a friend of my father and mother. We next went to Medina. I went to a circus while in that town and strange to say, the ticket collector was a man I had known in England. He told me to take my friends and go in, that it would not cost me anything. I have been to only two shows since. After we left there we came to Wooster where we found our baggage, also our friends who had gotten there a little ahead of us. We spent several weeks around Wooster with some old friends that came from our part of the country. I am very anxious to go back in that neighborhood, for I helped to plant an orchard there and I want to see if any of the trees are still living; I am going, too, if I live. After leaving Wooster we went to Fredricktown, Knox County, Ohio, to visit a friend of my father's, a Mr. George.

He had a large mill and a distill house, he also a good deal of land and was very anxious that brother and I should stay with him. My brother stayed with him and has always made his home in that part of the country.

After leaving Fredricktown I went to Etna which was sixteen miles east of Columbus, on Pike. While at this place I met a Mr. Matthews a large stock man. I was acquainted with his father in England. He offered me a good home and urged me very much to stay with him, but I only stopped there six weeks. They had a stall in the market house in Columbus, and attended to it twice a week. While I was there they took care of the cattle with them. The rule there was, that any one could sell out of the wagon after nine o'clock in the morning. They put me to selling quarters of beef and quarters of mutton. Whenever I was offered fifteen to twenty-five cents for a quarter of mutton I sold it. The best of beef went from two and a half to three cents. Cattle and sheep were cheap in those days. I did not like the mountain country at Etna so I left there and went to Columbus. I purchased a horse, bridle and saddle and went into the country to buy cattle. The first cattle that I bought were eight head, which I purchased of a Mr. Bishop, eight miles northeast of Columbus. When I went to pay for them I had to give him some of my English sovereigns that I had brought from home. The old gentleman said

he had never seen any gold money before and that he did not know how much it was worth. I asked him if there was any one in the neighborhood that would know. He said that he knew a tavern keeper that had been in the New York post-office and that he would probably know. We took a sovereign, tied it in a handkerchief, and gave it with a note to a boy, and sent him to this gentleman, to know how much the piece was worth. He returned the sovereign saying, that in American money, it was worth four dollars and eighty-four cents. I just mentioned this to show the difference in money in the present day, and when I first came to this country. I sold those cattle to the butchers in Columbus, and made a little money.

During the winter I got acquainted with Mr. John Vickery, an Englishman like myself, but having come to this country a year sooner than I. In the spring we concluded to move to Wisconsin, which was a territory at that time, but it was admitted to the union the following fall. We could not go together; he went by the way of Cincinnati, and I by the way of Detroit. I had to wait at Detroit nearly a week before any boat would start out, they were afraid they could not pass Mackinaw strait, it was full of ice at that time. I went to what is now Kenosha, but was then called Southport. There I was to receive a letter from my friend Vickery. I went from Southport about two miles west and two south and visited some more of

my old friends from my part of the country, among those friends was A. Booth, the oyster man of after years. He and I were raised in the same part of England. He was farming when I met him, but that did not suit him and he went to Chicago and got into the fish business. He died lately and left an immense fortune.

I returned to Kenosha, and found a letter from Mr. Vickery awaiting me, he had stopped near Racine. As soon as I reached there I hunted him up. We took a trip afoot (as there was no other way of traveling) to Jamesville, Watertown, Waupun, and Madison. They were just building a state house at Madison at that time. I thought Madison the most beautiful city I had ever seen; I have never been there since. Our intention was to hunt a place for a butcher shop, as Mr. Vickery was a butcher. We could find plenty of places, but could find nothing to kill. Stock was very scarce at that time, the country being new.

We walked from Madison to Milwaukee. While in the latter place I got acquainted with a number of business men, who urged me to locate there, but that did not exactly suit me, as there was no stock to be bought there. Vickery left me here to go back to Racine, while I went on to Chicago. Of course I tried to find if there was any stock here. I found there were only two places where they sold cattle, there was no regular market as there is to-day. While in Chicago I met a Mr. Bradley; he

had driven some cattle from McLean County. His home was in Leroy. He had sold all of his beef, out of the little bunch he had brought up, and had on hands between thirty and forty cows with calves. He was very anxious to sell them, and, as I could see there was a very great demand in Wisconsin for them, I purchased them. I got a boy to help me drive them into Wisconsin and sold them out, a few at a time, to immigrants. Those cattle sold all the way from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a piece, and still made me a little money. I returned to Chicago. While there I saw Mr. Bradley, he was going away, but said he would be back soon. I went to the boat to meet him (the boat came up from Peoria) and one morning I saw the old gentleman throwing off sides of bacon, which he had purchased of the farmers, hauled to Peoria, and shipped on the boat to Chicago, where he sold it to the groceries. This was the only means to dispose of the bacon put up by the farmers. There was no hog packing done in Chicago. Mr. Bradley was very anxious for me to go back to McLean County with him, but Illinois was known in those days as a very sickly state, therefore, I was afraid to venture. Mr. Bradley was very well acquainted in Chicago and he took me to the meat market, and introduced me to the butchers, several of whom tried to get me to buy stock for them, but I refused to do so.

While I was in Chicago I met a couple of Quaker gentlemen, a Mr. Lewis and a Mr. Hey-

worth, who had come from Vermilion County with a drove of cattle. Mr. Heyworth got sick and Lewis sent to the market to find out if he could get some one to take those cattle to Milwaukee. The butcher told him of me, and he hunted me up, promised me he would treat me like a brother, and he did.

I started with the cattle the latter part of June. It was very dusty. I stopped at a tavern about eight miles from Chicago. I asked the landlord if he could let me have a little liquor, as I was almost choked with the dust. He said, "You are an Irish countryman?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I would like to see you after supper." He gave me such good talking to, upon the liquor question, that I made up my mind, if I had any appetite for liquor I would never touch it, and I have stuck to that. Afterwards, this landlord was elected to the legislature in Cook County, Illinois.

I went to Milwaukee with those cattle. Soon after arriving there Mr. Lewis got sick with cholera, which was very bad that year. The doctor that was taking care of Mr. Lewis said there was no danger of me taking it, as I did not drink. I was healthy, and he was right, I never took it. I took care of my friend by night and sold the cattle by day, and got through with satisfaction.

Next spring I went to visit a Quaker neighborhood near Georgetown, Illinois. I was treated like a prince by the entire family. I put my money

with the firm and we bought between two and three hundred cattle; this was in the spring of forty-nine. I got a camp, yoke of oxen, and a cook, and drove back to Wisconsin. The cattle that got fat, we sold to the butchers, the ones that were fit for milk cows, we sold to the immigrants.

The spring I was in Vermilion County, I visited Mr. Lewis at Crabapple Grove, which is on the line of Vermilion and Edgar Counties. This Mr. Lewis and one of his neighbors (a few years before I met him) had bought up a drove of geese, and drove them to Iowa, where they traded them off for steers. They drove the steers back to Vermillion County, fattened them, and the next spring built flat boats and shipped them to New Orleans.

During the fall of forty-nine, after I had gotten through with our summer trading, I made several trips over the line into Illinois, in Stevenson County, buying some fat sheep to drive to the butchers in Milwaukee. I stopped a great deal in a Scotch settlement; when I left an old Scotch woman came up and said, "O, me dear, you have got no mither here and I will have to kiss you for your mither's sake." I drove my sheep back to Milwaukee and sold them, and made some money—it did not take much to do us in those days.

There was no regular bank in Milwaukee, therefore, all the money that was paid me was in Mexican dollars and five franc pieces. We saw no American silver money at that time. I was the

only one in our bunch that had a trunk. Each of the cattle men had a shot sack with his name on it. They all put their money in my trunk, as they collected it. Living was very cheap. The rates of the hotel at which we boarded in Milwaukee, were only two dollars a week. If you wanted to take bitters before breakfast it did not cost anything, and during the day you could treat yourself and two of your friends for six and one cents; I believe whisky cost fifteen cents a gallon. We paid twelve and one half cents a day to have a horse in the stable, they furnished the hay, we furnished the oats, buying them in the market by the bushel.

In the spring of 1850, my friends from Villard County still wanted me to come back and live in with them, but I had another offer. In May we started horseback from Milwaukee. The country was very fine there, therefore we found the horses very good. We made no stop of any importance until we reached Leroy, in McLean County. Here we visited my old friend that I spoke of before, John Bradley. We found him keeping a general store. There were Californians in that part of the country buying cattle to take to California. When we reached Leroy, we started for Christian County. We stopped a part of one day at Clinton, which was but a small village at that time. They had just unloaded a lot of merchandise that they had brought from Peoria with ox teams. One man remarked this was the second load they had gotten

this spring and that they were expecting another one. After I left Clinton I got sick and had to lay off several days. I forget the name of the family with whom I stayed, but they were Kentuckians, and they were very kind to me. This was the first sickness that I had ever had.

The next place we stopped was Mt. Pulaski; it was the county seat of Logan County at that time. We went from Mt. Pulaski to Mt. Auburn, here we found some men just opening up a store; the first store that was ever in Mt. Auburn. I was delighted with the view, when I stood on Mt. Auburn and looked southeast over the country. If it had been improved it would have looked a great deal like the part of England where I was raised.

We left Mt. Auburn and went up Mosquito creek. That morning I met the late Elder Northcutt. It was the first time I had ever met him, and I found him a very intelligent man; we were friends as long as he lived. His son, Harrison, was out on the prairie trying to get a deer. When he came in his father said to him: "Why didn't you bring one in?" His son replied that they had got the wind of him." I thought that was an odd thing to say, but I soon found out what it meant to say "get the wind of anything," as the partner I had later was a great hunter. We went to the head of Mosquito creek in time for dinner, stopping with a family by the name of Polk. There was no one at

home but a beautiful little girl. She got us dinner of cornbread, bacon and coffee. I could not eat cornbread then as I can now. She said her father and mother had gone to Decatur to buy sugar. After dinner we started across the prairie to Adams' grove, the late Ellington Adams. That night there came up a dreadful storm, and we had to stay there several days. We had cornbread at every meal. I asked Mrs. Adams why they did not thresh some of the wheat they had in stock, and she replied that it was more bother than it was worth, as they had to haul it to Springfield to have it ground. The peach trees were in full bloom. They were the first I had ever seen and I thought them beautiful. I asked Mrs. Adams what they were going to do with the peaches when they got ripe. She replied: "Eat them, not do like you Yankees, sell them and half starve yourself to death."

The old lady thought because we came from the north we must be Yankees. I made their home my headquarters until I got married. I found while I was there I could buy cattle from them. I started out the next morning for Taylorville, knowing I would find some mail there. I stopped on my way at Chris. Ketchum's; he lived on the farm that is now owned by my son at Stonington. While here I met Mr. Snyder, whose daughter I afterwards married. He told me that he had some cattle to sell, and when I came this way again if he was not

at home his wife would sell them to me. I went on to Taylorville to get my mail and as I went into town an incident occurred that I will never forget. I was riding in on the south side of the square; just before me was a very short man wearing a white stovepipe hat, and wheeling a wheelbarrow; coming toward me was a very tall man. We all met at the same time.

The tall man said to the short man: "Good morning, Dr. Curtis."

The short man said to the tall man: "Good morning, Major Long."

I thought they were making fun of each other. I went on to the hotel, which was on the southwest corner of the square, where Morrison's dry-goods store now stands. Soon after I went into the hotel, the tall man I spoke of before came in. I soon found he was the landlord and a very pleasant man. I asked him what he had meant when he had called the little man Dr. Curtis. He said that he was a doctor and had a large practice there. I asked why he had been called major, and he said he was a major in the Black Hawk War. I began to learn that it was not uncommon in this country for a doctor to wheel a wheelbarrow. It was quite different in the old country. Dr. Curtis was the father of Mr. Curtis, the jeweler, in Decatur.

I began buying cattle the next day on Bear creek. Of course when we bought them we left them until we had gotten all we wanted and then

we went around and gathered them up. The cattle generally cost from six to eleven dollars a head. Our aim was to buy dry cows as much as possible. I went up the creek after awhile and called at Mr. Snyder's. He was not at home. I found here Miss Nancy Widick (who is now Mrs. Jo. Adams). I had met her at old Mr. Adams'. She introduced me to Mrs. Snyder. I went out and looked at the cattle, and came in and bought them. That day I met the lady that is now my wife. I thought she was the most beautiful little girl I had ever seen. Mrs. Snyder treated me very nicely, as they were from the old country, too. They were Germans. Mrs. Adams told me afterwards that as I started away, she said to my wife (that is now), "There goes your sweetheart." Because she looked out of the window after me her mother threatened to whip her.

We gathered up our cattle, but did not have any wagons on that trip. We got extra horses to carry the camping outfit. We stopped at houses as much as possible. We had not been out long before we began to have young calves. I carried calves every day, more or less, until we got to Milwaukee, a distance of three hundred miles. There had been a great deal of rain and the rivers were very high. We crossed the Illinois river at Morris. We had to ferry the calves across. It took a long time to get the cattle to swim across. When I crossed the river, who should be looking for me, but my friend, John Vickery. He had asked to

whom those cattle belonged, and was told to some one named Tom. He thought they must be mine.

After I got back to Milwaukee I did not like my partner very well; he did not treat me right. I told a few of the men with whom I was acquainted, about the treatment I received, and they advised me to wholesale the cattle, which I did. I then gave the books and the money to a Mr. Plankerton and a couple of friends of his, and let them settle up the partnership business, which they did with satisfaction. About this time Heyworth and Co. got back from Vermillion County and nothing would do them, but that I must sell out their cattle for them during the summer. When I got through they wished me to go back with them and spend a part of the winter in Vermillion County, Illinois, and Vermillion, Indiana.

In the spring of '51 I formed a partnership with my late partner, Washington Malone. We returned to Christian County, Illinois, in the spring of '51. There was a great deal of talk then, about the laying of the Illinois Central railroad. There had been three surveys; one southeast of here, near the old Duncan farm, another line running through where it is now, and another near the Ellington Adams farm. But Mr. Snyder (my father-in-law that was afterward) told the company he would give them every other block in forty acres, if they would locate it here and build a saw mill and grist mill. The grist mill is standing here at the present time. He also gave the town the square for the public

park, for which the town will never forget him. I called at Snyder's farm as soon as I had a little time. I wanted to see that beautiful little girl again. She looked just as beautiful as she did when I saw her before. I told her mother to take good care of her for me, for when she got old enough I was going to try to get her for a wife. The old lady told me afterwards that she did not think it possible that I meant what I said; had she thought so she would not have treated me so nicely.

/ We purchased about three hundred and fifty head of cattle that spring, buying from Rochester near Springfield to the Wabash river. After gathering the cattle together, we penned them up where Moweaqua is now. One of the pens was where the Methodist church now stands. The next place we stopped was at the head of Flat Branch creek. I had already purchased of Mr. Tolly (one of the old settlers) about ten head of cattle, and when I went after them he wanted to sell me four more belonging to his son, John. John was the father of the Mrs. Tom Porter living here in Moweaqua. I told Mr. Tolly that I had no more money and could buy no more cattle. He said I could have them without the money. I told him that he did not know anything about me until last year, but he said:

"If you are not good for those cattle you ought not to be allowed to ride across these prairies. If I don't sell them to you, I probably will not have another buyer until next spring."

I bought the cattle for forty dollars and gave no note. He told me I could send the money when I got back to Wisconsin. I got a friend to buy me a draft for the forty dollars and mailed it to him at Shelbyville, which was the post-office then. I wrote to him, and told him to let me know if this was alright, but received no word from him, and the next spring I called there again. (It was a good place to visit.) I asked him why he did not write to me. He said there was no one on the branch that had any learning, and when he went to the city he would forget all about it. We went on to Sullivan, where we met John and Will Hayden, they also wanted to sell me some cattle, but I told them (as I had told Mr. Tolly) I had no money. They said that did not make any difference, that I could leave the money at a certain place in Chicago and they would get it. I merely mentioned this to show the difference in the way of doing business then and now.

When we got back to Milwaukee we herded the cattle on the prairie. We took in a few every week and sold them to the butchers. I got acquainted with a German butcher by the name of Hillar; he was an industrious man but poor. I sold him all the cattle he could kill, and trusted him with the money until he killed the cattle, sold the beef and collected the money. A few years ago, when I was in Chicago at the Fat Stock Show, a fine looking man came up to me and asked if my name was Tom Ponting. I told him it was. He

said his name was Augustus Hillar, and his mother had made him promise if he ever heard of me to hunt me up. He told me that his mother always said I was the best friend they ever had. His father and mother were dead, but he told me they had accumulated over a million dollars, and they gave me the credit for it, as I had given them a start in the world.

After getting through the season's work there, we returned to Indiana to spend a part of the winter of fifty-one and fifty-two. In the spring we started back out here. We found things quite changed. They were laying out the town of Moweaqua, and preparing to build the mill. We went over about the same ground and bought our cattle for the season, but did not get as many from the Wabash country as we did before; they were not such good cattle. In the summer of fifty-two the cattle business began to get a little dull in Wisconsin, as the settlers had begun to bring in some to sell.

The money matters were very much changed, gold began to come in from California and get into circulation. Some of this gold was in fifty-dollar pieces, which were very rough and had about eight corners to them. In the fall we traded off all the money we had for gold and started back to the Wabash country. My partner and I thought the business was about over in Milwaukee, so we decided to go to Texas (horseback) for that fall and

winter. On the way down we stopped at Mr. Tolly's, at the head of Flat Branch. They were unloading lumber which they had hauled from Peoria to build the frame house now owned by Mr. John Angel. We showed Mr. Tolly some of our fifty-dollar gold pieces. He wanted to trade some of the Missouri paper money for them, and, as the Missouri paper money was just as good as the gold we traded with him. We carried the gold in buckskin belts. These belts were wadded with cotton and divided into compartments, so that the gold could not get together. We had our suspenders fastened to these belts and wore them between our two shirts. We never took them off except when we changed our clothes and then we felt very light. It was very disagreeable to carry this gold, but there was no such thing as a draft nor any bank to get them on.

On our way to Texas we stopped at Mr. Snyder's, and took dinner with them. I did not think any less of the little girl, either. We also stopped two or three days at Ellington Adams'. After we left Taylorville we stopped one night at Mr. Ricks', head of Bear creek. Here I had the honor of holding a baby only a few days old. This baby was the late Hon. James Ricks. I was always proud that I had held a baby that had made a grand, good judge that was a credit to this county. When we got to St. Louis, the Mississippi river was frozen over. There was a fire there among the steamboats that were laying up for the winter. It was the first

great fire I had ever seen. We stopped a few days at the Planters House; here was the first place I ever saw slavery, and I did not see but that they were treated alright. Our aim while traveling horseback was to make one hundred miles in three days. We never stopped for dinner, but had an early supper. Where we had to pay at all, it was only fifty cents apiece, this including supper, bed, breakfast and horse feed. We passed through Union, which was the first town we came to after leaving St. Louis; it was fifty miles from there.

-One Sunday evening, near the Gascanda river, I saw the greatest sight I ever saw in my life—a band of wild turkeys; there seemed to be a thousand or two in the bunch. It was just before roosting time and they were on a rock ridge where they had come to eat acorns. The country was very thinly settled then. I don't think we passed more than two or three houses from when we started in the morning until we stopped in the evening. We stopped one night on the banks of the Gascanda river. It did not look very inviting, but of course we found many such places. A very rough looking man came and sat down on my lap. I did not like it and told him so. Mr. Tepple, the gentleman who lived at this place asked me where we were from. I told him we called Christian County, Illinois, our headquarters. He said his wife had a brother who was a blacksmith, living in Christian County. I asked him what his name was and he said John Bilyeu (this John Bilyeu was Paint's

father.) The rough looking man left while we were talking and I never saw him again. After supper I got well acquainted with one of the sons. He was a very nice boy, but had something the matter with his knee. After this boy had grown up he called to see me in this county and recalled my visit to his home.

The next town we came to was Springfield, Missouri, which was about two hundred and fifty miles southwest of St. Louis. We stopped there several days to have our horses shod and to write back to our friends. We made arrangements with the postmaster that if any mail should come for us, it was to be held until we came after it or wrote for it. In the evening it was almost dark when we went in to supper, and I could not see but that everything was alright, but in the morning when we went in to breakfast the doors between the dining room and kitchen were open and I could see the black people preparing the meal. I drank my coffee but could not eat anything. The landlord asked me what was the reason I did not eat my breakfast, and I told him it was because I had never seen colored people preparing a meal before. He took me into the kitchen to show me how clean everything was and it was not long before I could eat their cooking as well as when it was prepared by white people.

There was a family in Springfield that had the smallpox and the people in the city were so afraid

of the disease that they would not go near them. I had the smallpox when I was a boy so I went to see this family and got them some provisions. The doctor said he was very glad there was some one that would come and see them. After this the people were not so afraid of the disease.

After getting our horses shod we started on our journey. The first day we fell in company with an old gentleman by the name of Marney. He was taking one hundred mules to Louisiana for sale. We traveled with him all through Arkansas, until we came to the Louisiana line. The old gentleman had been to California and had made a good deal of money. When we left him he had the toothache and I gave him a handkerchief to tie around his face. He said he had traveled a great deal, and had fallen in with many different kinds of people, but had never been in as pleasant company before. He wept like a child when we left him.

Soon after we left him we met a man riding horseback. We stopped and had a little chat with him. He said if we went by White Sulphur Springs we must stop there and stay all night for we would find there some of the finest water in the world. We had to ride several days before we came to these springs, and we passed several houses that looked as if they would be nice places to stop. It was nearly night when we came to the place. We called some colored people to come and take our

horses. When the gentleman of the house came to the door I was very sorry we had stopped there for he had the worst case of sore eyes I ever saw and some children came out that were in the same shape. His wife was a younger woman, but she did not look as if she had seen a comb or soap for months. When they began to cook the meat for supper we found by the smell that it had not been cured. I could not eat any supper but drank some of the spring water. The next morning we got up and started out before breakfast, something we had not done before on the trip. About eleven o'clock we came to a nice looking house and stopped for dinner, this was the first time we had stopped for dinner on the trip. I shall never forget White Sulphur Springs. I think the man who sent us there had been taken in and wished us to be taken in also.

When we got into Texas we found the country very new. After a short ride we got to what is now Honey Grove—they say it is a beautiful town now. We stopped all night with a family by the name of Clutter. They had only three rooms, but the lady was a very nice housekeeper. We did not get anything better to eat on the road than we got there. My partner was not very well so we concluded to stay there for a few days. In the morning I asked the lady if we could stop there for a short time. I asked her what she charged but do not remember what it was. My partner got sick with the rheumatism and for awhile I was afraid he was

going to die. They had a colored slave woman there and she slept in the same room with us on the floor. One night she got her quilts on fire and my partner saw it and laughed. I had some encouragement then to think he was going to get well, and he did. Mrs. Clutter was born in Evansville, Indiana. The money we had been carrying around was very heavy and it was hard on us, so I took Mrs. Clutter aside and told her our business. This was the first time we had ever told what our business was. I asked her if she would take the money and put it under her mattress and not mention it to anyone, not even her husband. She promised me she would do so and we left the money with her, and she kept it safely until we called for it.

My partner got better and we moved over into another neighborhood. We stopped at a place where they had several hundred hives of bees; they had logs cut out for hives. I went into the house and found honey on everything, on the chairs, tables, and on the children's hair. Since then I have never cared much for honey, it was too much of a good thing. Shortly after leaving this place, we fell in with a family from Green County, Illinois. The lady had her father with her, an old gentleman by the name of James Byers. He wanted to come back to Illinois, but his daughter did not like to trust him with any one unless they would promise not to let him have any liquor. I promised his daughter if he came back with us I

would see that he did not get any liquor. We hired him to do our cooking and to drive our ox team. The old gentleman had some cured bacon which we purchased. We bought a wagon and some canvas to cover it and to make a tent out of. We also bought a yoke of oxen to haul our wagon. After pitching our tent we started out to look for cattle.

We went into Hopkins County to Blackjack Grove, where we had heard of a Mr. Hart that had some cattle. Late in the evening we passed a house, and seeing a couple of ladies, inquired of them the way to Mr. Hart's. They told us that Mr. Hart lived about eight miles from there and was their nearest neighbor. I took particular pains to get the directions for I thought it would be dark before we got there. When we came to the place I saw two or three fine looking men but could see nothing else except a log cabin surrounded by a high fence. I inquired if this was where Mr. Hart lived. The gentleman said he did not know of such a man in the country. I told him we had asked some ladies the direction, and we thought we were following them, but as we had missed our way, and were strangers in the country we would like to stay with him. He told us to turn our horses into the yard and feed them. When we went in the house for supper I told him I was very sorry we had missed our way and that I thought he must certainly know Mr. Hart. He said we were perfectly welcome to stay and take what they had. His wife was gone but would be home in the morning; she

had gone to visit a sick neighbor, about miles away. They shucked the corn and the meal on a steel mill, which I helped

Before we went to bed the gentleman said, "Probably it was Merida Hart that you were inquiring for?"

I said, "Yes, sir, that is the man."

"Well, that is my name, there are no other names in this country."

I asked him where he was born, and he said, "I was born in Kentucky, but was raised in Texas. I moved to this part of the country twenty years ago. All we had we brought on a pack train. We did without furniture until we could get money to buy it."

I looked around to see what the furniture was like, and found it was all in the old western style. The bedstead was a scaffold.

Mrs. Hart returned in the morning. She had passed through Illinois when she was a girl on her way to Texas, and she was glad to talk about Illinois. In the morning Mr. Hart took us about the country to see the cattle and to call upon some of his neighbors. We did not make any trade with Mr. Hart; he was too high. He asked us what we did with the cattle when we took them to market. I told him we fed them corn and would have three hogs to every two steers to pick up

pings. He asked what the droppings were, and I told him after the cattle would eat the corn, what passed through them the hogs would eat and get fat on.

"Well," he said, "I have heard you Yankees were very close people, but I did not suppose you were so close that you would try to fatten hogs on the same feed as the cattle."

Before we went back to camp, we stayed all night with Mr. Coman, another cattle man. They were rich, they say, but all we had to eat was corn-bread that had been baked several days, and jerked dried beef. I thought I did not care to be rich if that was how one had to live. We went back to our tent, and as it was a little early in the season, we did not go out for several days. One evening a finely dressed man rode up to the tent and spoke to me. I did not know him and told him so. He said he was Hart, at whose house we had stopped a short time before. He said he was so pleased with my company that he thought he would come up and stay a day or two. I afterwards learned he had been to the legislature. He said he was going to move from where he lived as it was too crowded; that the people bothered him a great deal. I learned that he had only three neighbors within twenty miles of him. After the weather got a little more settled we went out to buy our cattle; I did the most of the buying. One night we stopped with a man by the name of Alridge. His wife was

born in Shelby County, Illinois. I can not remember her maiden name, although I bought some cattle of her brother. She was glad to hear of him, as she had not heard from him for a long time. They gave me an apple that was wrapped in paper, like we wrap our oranges. There was little fruit in that country then, though now it is a great fruit country. As new as the country was I was treated very well, no man spoke an angry word to me. If I went to a place where anyone was drinking I always left.

On our way back we had to cross Red river. They told us we would have no trouble in fording it, if we did not wait until the river rose, but at such times it was five or six miles wide. This made us anxious to cross as soon as possible. We gathered our cattle together and found that we had money enough left to buy about one hundred more; this would make about seven hundred all together. We decided not to buy the others until we had crossed the river into Indian country.

We crossed the river safely but as we were a little ahead of the season we had to wait some time. We had a good place for our cattle to graze, and the privilege of a large pasture to pen them in at night. This pasture belonged to Mr. Thompson at Boggy depot. Mr. Thompson was a white man from Tennessee and was quite intelligent. His wife was about one third Indian, a fine, healthy-looking woman. They treated us very nicely. I

went to Armstrong's Academy. The Choctaws were holding court. They had their lawyers just the same as the white people, but of course all they could talk was the Choctaw language. An Indian by the name of Chesm, that was going up to the Canadian river to meet a little band of Ketchie Indians, asked me to go with him, which I did. There was going to be a council between the Creeks and Ketchies, to settle some dispute which had happened between the Creeks and the Comanche Indians. We spent one day there and I was the only white man. I had a watch and the interpreter told them that by it I could tell when it was twelve o'clock at night. They told him to tell me that if I was ever to meet them I need not be afraid, for they would not hurt me, but Chesm told me they would kill me in a minute for my coat if no one was present.

When I returned to camp I found that we needed about eighty more cattle. I started out to see a little band of Shawnee Indians, who I had heard, had some cattle. They told me it was only a day's ride from our camp, but this was a mistake. I got in the timber and was afraid I had lost my way. I camped for the night in a pigeon roost; I spent a miserable night; the pigeons roared like thunder; they piled on the branches of the trees and broke them down. I tied my horse and covered myself and saddle with my blanket, which was in terrible shape the next morning. I found out in the morning that if I had gone a mile further I would

have been out of the pigeon roost. I had no supper the evening before, and I was very hungry. I came to an Indian hut and motioned that I wanted something to eat. They gave me something, but I did not know whether it was dog liver, cat liver or lights. It was cooked up with corn and was served in a home-made earthen vessel. They gave me a piece of a cow's horn for a spoon. They called this food tom-be-sha-for; I have never forgotten the food or its name. I gave an Indian a two and one-half dollar gold piece, which was the smallest change I had. He laughed all over, but gave me back no change. The leader of the Shawnees was sick, and I could not learn anything from any of the others. I started back into another part of the country and about the middle of the day I met a white man, with a wagon load of pecan nuts. His wagon wheel had broken and he had nothing with which to mend it, but his ax and pocket knife. I stopped and helped him until he had gotten the wheel fixed. He was taking the nuts from Fort Bellnap to Fort Gibson. He said he had an Indian girl on the way and that he was going to stop and see her. When one is traveling in Indian country he is glad to stop and talk to any white man, at least I found it so. I came to where a white man lived that had been selling goods to the Indians for a number of years. He had a colored woman as slave, and a large family of half breed children. He told me I could get some cattle of a man by the name of Pussly. He told me that I had better take

an interpreter so that I could trade with his son if Pussly was not at home. There was a colored man named Sampson, living near there, who was a very good interpreter. His wife was an Indian woman. He was a slave at the time of his marriage, but his wife purchased his freedom. I secured his services and we started out.

Pussly had a beautiful place; it was a large plain about twenty miles each way and was surrounded by mountains and pure running water. He owned lots of slaves and a good many cattle. I got there Saturday night, and found Pussly was gone, but would be home in a few days and then I could get all the cattle I wanted. I sent my interpreter home. I had to stay here until Wednesday without any one to talk to. They gave me a room and plenty of buffalo robes to sleep on; got me something to eat at meal time and made me a fire of hickory bark for light, but it was a dreary time. When the old gentleman came home I found he could talk quite well. Pussly's father was an Englishman. He had died when his son was quite young and before this tribe of Indians had crossed over on the west side of the Mississippi. When he learned I was an Englishman he and his family treated me as if I was related to them. I purchased about eighty head of very fine steers, giving nine dollars a head for them. I think the cattle would have weighed in the neighborhood of twelve hundred pounds.

When I left the camp I told them if I was not back in a number of days they were to stop at the first good herding ground after they had crossed the California trail (some years before some Californians had passed along and ever after the trail they followed was called the California trail) and wait for me. Mr. Pussly sent his son and grandson with me to this trail where I supposed I would meet my friends, but when I got there I learned they had passed there several days before. I had these Indian boys go a little farther with me. In about a day we met the white man whose wagon wheel I had helped fix. He told me some people had passed with an ox with a bell around its neck tied behind the wagon. I knew from his description that they were my friends. This white man said he would go on with me, so I sent the Indians back. Some men passed us riding to Fort Gibson and I told them if they came up with the herd to tell them to wait for me, but we had to ride about three days before we came up with them, as they did not stop until they had crossed the Canadian river into the Crick nation. I was very angry with them, but they said I was gone so long they never expected to see me again. My partner was always afraid when he was in Indian country.

It rained quite a good deal and we found the river and creeks had all raised. We camped one night on the bank of a stream and the next morning found it had raised nineteen feet; of course the river was not very wide. We were sorry we had

not crossed it the night before, but we had a good camping ground and all we could do was to wait until the water went down. When we got to the Arkansas river, about fifteen miles west from Fort Gibson, we got some Indians to help us and built a raft out of logs to float our wagons over the river. We kept the cattle back until we had completed the rafts, which was about twelve o'clock; then we got the Indians to help us, and drove the cattle into the river, making them swim across. The shortest distance across the river was about one-fourth of a mile. As I could not swim I got an Indian to ride beside me, so if I was thrown off he could take care of me. I dared not say anything, for there were others in the same fix; a little timid. The river where we crossed was about one half a mile wide. Sometimes we would come to a sand bar and the horses would wade some distance; then swim again; then strike another sand bar, and so on.

After crossing the river we traveled one or two hundred miles along the Verdigre and the Grand river. It was a beautiful country. We crossed into Missouri out of the Indian country, near what is now known as Baxter Springs. I sat on my horse every night while we were coming through the Indian country; I was so afraid something would scare the cattle that I could not sleep in the tent; but we had no stampede. When we had got into Missouri, about seventy or eighty miles, we struck

the trail we had gone to Texas on. The first town we came to was Springfield, where we had stopped on our way down to have our horses shod. At this place I found some mail and a little money that had been collected for me in Wisconsin. We held our cattle back about three miles southwest of Springfield until we got things straightened up. The landlord that we stopped with on our way down, where I saw the colored people in the kitchen, insisted that my partner and I should come and take dinner with him and his friends and tell them about our trip; in those days people did not know as much about Texas as the people of the present day do of Japan. Before leaving Springfield we had to decide whether we would cross the river at St. Louis or keep farther north, but by going farther north we would have had to cross the Missouri river also, so we decided to cross at St. Louis; we knew we would have no trouble in finding ferry boats at this place. Sometimes while traveling we would forget what day it was and there would be days when we would see no white man except those in our company. We would stop at the farm houses in Missouri and get butter, eggs and bacon. The people did not want to charge us for them, said there was no market for them and that we were perfectly welcome to them, but we always gave them something, especially if there were any children around. The first town we came to before St. Louis was Union, and after this we had no more open country until we crossed

the Mississippi river. We had to depend on long drives until we got to St. Louis. We got there one Sunday evening. We stopped at the Pacific Stock Yard and made arrangements to put our cattle there. We pitched our tent in the yard with the cattle; the landlord wanted us to come in the house and sleep, but we told him we understood the cattle and they us. My partner and I made arrangement with the boat to cross us in the morning. We told the boatman if we kept him waiting he would receive double fare, but if he kept us waiting he was to ferry us over for nothing. We got a man that understood the nearest way to the ferry, left our horses at the stock yard and we got the cattle to the boat on time. Had to make several stops while crossing. We had hard work to keep the cattle from plunging into the river. On the other side of the river, where East St. Louis now is, the country was very open, and we found plenty of grass. We got our horses and started off in good shape. We had to give up our cook and driver, who went to Green County. We brought him through without him getting any liquor, for which he thanked us; I do not know what he did after leaving us. In a few days we came to the head of Bear Creek, Christian County, where I again had the pleasure of holding the baby I spoke of before, the Hon. Judge Ricks. On the twenty-sixth of July we got within five or six miles of Moweaqua, and camped for dinner at the old Colony house in old Stonington. Mr. Andrew Chapman, who is still

living, lived at this place. His wife brought us out some butter for our dinner and his brother gave us some new pickles. That afternoon we got as far as the present home of Isom Adams. We camped here and this was the end of our travels, for we wintered in this country. My partner was not well, in fact all the camp, except myself, were worn out. That fall there was a great deal of sickness in the neighborhood, and it was hard to get any one to help me take care of the cattle. Mr. Jas. Jacobs came and helped me. It took considerable work to prepare a place to winter so many cattle; we had to buy a great deal of corn. We kept some on feed for fattening, and others we put out in different bunches to be fed for the winter on rough feed.

We were almost out of clothes when we got to St. Louis, so we went and bought some "store clothes," which we could not buy in any other place. I had worn one shirt for six weeks. When I wanted to wash it I took it off at night, tied it in a stream and the next morning wrung it out and hung it up to dry; then put it on and would probably forget to wash it again for two weeks.

To go on with the cattle; after we had rested up my partner started on a visit to his home in Indiana to get money to feed on and to buy several hundred hogs to follow the cattle. When he returned we bought all the corn we had contracted for. We fed nothing but shock corn. The corn cost about fifteen cents a bushel. We would go into a piece

after it was dry enough and select two of the smallest shocks we could find. The owner would select two of the largest shocks. We would shuck this and weigh it and average the weight in this way. I purchased about forty acres of Dennison Sanders. He said that he had learned more in that one trade than he had ever learned before. He selected two very large shocks and I two small shocks. There was a drain running through the field and there were very few small shocks, therefore, I got the best of the bargain. He often laughed about the time I got the best of him, but he usually held his own. I always fed the shock corn in a round ring in the same place every day; if it got muddy these shocks would keep the cattle out of the mud. But it was a dry winter and we did not have any mud, but had a big snow storm in January. We had to purchase about ten more yoke of oxen to be used in drawing feed for the cattle. I came to Mr. Snyder's the first week in January in fifty-four, and purchased four yoke of oxen and a wagon of him. Mr. Snyder had some Dutch money that some Germans just from the old country had given him. These pieces were ten guilders, they passed for four dollars in this country. He said I could have them and if the Germans wanted them before I was ready to pay them back he would give them the money. At that time Mrs. Ponting's youngest sister, Mrs. Carrie Gregory, was about four weeks old; she was not very well and Mr. Snyder was very much wor-

ried about her. Their doctor, Dr. Deffenbacher, took sick very suddenly and died the next day.

We had a very early spring and got the cattle on the grass early. Soon after they were on grass, Mr. Stookey, from Ross County, Ohio, came through to buy cattle. I showed him one lot of three hundred and I could see that he was pleased with them. He priced them, and soon we made a deal at so much a head, but these were not the cattle we had been feeding all the corn they could eat.

After we got things straightened around my parther and I took one hundred and fifty fat cattle and started east with them. We got a man to lead the ox on ahead so the cattle would follow. We traveled in the open country until we crossed the Wabash river. We crossed the river at Williamsport, just below Attica, Indiana. We put the ox on a ferry boat and started it off; the cattle swam over after it without giving us any trouble. We got into Attica on Sunday morning, and just as we got between two churches both bells began to ring. I was near the head and stopped the oxen. I talked to the cattle as if they were children. They listened a moment and then moved on. From this on we had to stop at pasture every night, but there were cattle in this country and people were prepared for them. When we got to Muncie, which was near the Ohio line, we found we could get cars on to New York. We made arrangements and put the cattle on the cars. Up to this time there had been very little of this work done. We

unloaded them at Cleveland, letting them jump out on the sand banks. They did not have shipping yards to feed them in as they now have, we had to let them go out on grass. We unloaded them next at Dunkirk, then at Harnesville, and then at Bergen Hill. We got to Bergen Hill on Saturday afternoon. We kept the cattle on pasture until after midnight Sunday night. We ferried them across the river to New York and took them to the Hundred Street Market. We heard of a salesman before we got there, James Gilcris, formerly of Ohio. I took him to one side and told him not to turn a bullock out of the yard until they were all sold and not to tell where the cattle were from. The butchers thought because they had such long horns they must be from Iowa. These were the first Texas cattle that were ever in New York. They were sold in bunches from ten to twenty in a bunch. My partner and I would hold a bunch together until they were sold and then some man would come and put the buyer's mark on each bullock—paint it on. After they were all sold they tried to take one bunch to the slaughter house but they could do nothing with them; they did not want to leave the other cattle. I told the butcher to take all the cattle to the same slaughter house and to furnish my partner and me each with a horse, and we would help him. We got them there without any trouble. These cattle were sold on the third of July, 1854. During the market the New York market reporter took me to one side and asked me

a great many questions. I was not aware at the time that he was a reporter. He took it down in shorthand. After he got through he told me what he was doing, and that it would all come out in the paper tomorrow. I got several of those papers and sent them to my folks in England and one to Mr. Hart in Texas. He wrote back saying we had done a great deal for Texas and if we would come back they would try and do something for us. The butchers and a number of the stock men came to see us on the Fourth of July. If I had been a drinking man I would have been upset, as they all wanted to treat me. They wanted to know where the cattle were from and we could tell them now. We had the satisfaction of knowing that we had the best bunch of cattle in the market that day. There was no weighing of cattle in those days; they were all guessed off, estimated what they would weigh dead. But the Texas cattle were very deceiving, most men would guess them heavier than they were.

We left New York and went back to Muncie, Indiana, got our horses and started back to Illinois. We stopped on the Wabash river and paid what money we had borrowed. When we got back to Illinois we paid Mr. Snyder what money we owed him and settled up with Mrs. Adams for some board. She would not take any money but I gave her a mare and she raised ever so many colts from her. We sold what cattle were left and divided our money. I took mine to Peddicord and

Burrow's bank in Decatur. The partnership between Malone and myself ended satisfactorily.

After a short time I went horseback to Terre Haute, Indiana. Soon after I had gone my partner bought out a clothing store in town. He had a brother here who was not very well when I left, and soon after I had gone this brother died. I went from Terre Haute to his father's in Vermilion County. The old gentleman had just received word of his son's death. I started back out here, but when I reached here I found that my partner had gone back to his home, we had missed each other on the way.

My partner got very sick in Indiana, they thought he would not live. They wrote back and asked me to come and see him. As soon as I got there I went in and had a little talk with him. The doctor told my partner's father that Ponting would do his son more good than anything else. I stayed there a few days and he improved all the time. The family wished me to go in with him in the store. I did so; this was one great mistake I made. There was another store started on the corner where Ribelin's now stands. It was built by John and William Hayden, from Sullivan. About the time the store was finished Mr. Hayden got very sick and was very anxious for us to buy the store. We bought the store and put in a good stock of goods, but everything in those days had to be sold on Christmas times, which of course did not suit me. After I had been in the store about six or

eight months I had a chance to sell my half to the late Captain Campbell and took in payment four hundred and ten acres of land, known as the Duncan farm. Mr. Campbell had a small store on his place. I made a very good trade but my partner would not release me, I still had to own a part of his half. I was a silent partner. Soon after I traded the other half to Eli Jacobs, taking in part payment a farm of two hundred acres owned until lately by Richard Gordon.

In the spring of fifty-five we purchased some more cattle and with the ones we already had drove them to Chicago. I left my partner at home to look after the farms and to try to collect some of the old store debts, many of which were never collected. We did not need a camp this time in going to Chicago; the country was more or less settled and we could stop at farm houses. We stopped this side of Pullman to let our cattle graze and we could take them in to Chicago as we wished. I had not been to the Chicago market for over two years, and I found there had been a great change. There were two regular yards, one called the Merrick yard is now known as the Sherman Yards, and the other was called the Bullshead Yard. I found that now a great many eastern people came to Chicago to buy fat cattle to take back east; most of the cattle were driven over into Indiana to Michigan City, to be shipped east. The railroad was not prepared to take very much stock. Before I started north with the cattle Mr. McHenry moved into our little town of Moweaqua. I traded a horse to him for

two mules, which we rode to Chicago. There were no mules used in Chicago and these mules caused as much excitement as elephants would now.

I returned sometime in September and bought another lot of cattle and in the fall drove them to Chicago. We passed over the Illinois Central at Macon, which had only two houses, the freight house and passenger house. This was on the ninth of October. That day there came a heavy snow storm; we could not hold the cattle against it and had to let them beat back to the east side of the railroad until we came to the grove where Tom Atterbery lived. As it was very early in the season there were not many bed clothes on the bed and we got very cold; we had to turn over a great many times. The next morning the sun came out and we had a fine trip to Chicago. We stopped our cattle close to the present site of Kankakee. I rode on to Chicago to see what the prospects were for the market. There was only one packer packing cattle at this time. His name was John L. Hancock. He was always a particular friend of mine. He said he was about to close up the packing house for that season. He had a contract with the British government for the tierce beef. It took a bullock weighing eleven hundred pounds alive and about six hundred dead to make two tierces of two hundred and forty pounds each, but of course the shanks, tallow and neck pieces would be taken out. There would be only one piece of each kind to each tierce. They did not want a bullock to weigh less

than six hundred, if they did they would have to put other pieces together, and that would make more than one piece of each kind. I was satisfied some of my cattle would not be heavy enough. Mr. Hancock introduced me to the inspector who came out from England to inspect the cattle before they were slaughtered; his name was Ayers. He took a great notion to me. I was telling him some western tales and he did not pay much attention to the cattle, and when we got around to where Mr. Hancock was he told him to pass the cattle, which Mr. Hancock did. We took the cattle to the slaughter house, where they all had to be slaughtered and weighed one at a time the next day after they got cold. The inspector took me to the city and compelled me to stay with him at the Sherman. I thought I was not dressed well enough and tried to beg off, but he said if he paid the bill it was no one's business.

These were the last cattle I ever drove to Chicago, and probably the last that were ever driven from this part of the country. All of the fat hogs had to be sold in the fall, about December, as there was no ice to cool them on. Up to this, hogs had been driven to Alton or St. Louis, but the stock yards at Moweaqua were ready to ship out of that winter. They had no scales then as they have now. Mr. Jo. Adams and a few others weighed about fourteen car loads, one at a time, by stillyards. The first hogs that we shipped to Chicago were sold to go east. They had not been packing pork much

but began the next year. The winter of fifty-five and fifty-six we fed about three hundred cattle. The last of April, '56, I shipped about one hundred and ten; these were the first cattle ever shipped from Moweaqua. We got to the old Merrick yard in Chicago on Friday and stayed there until Wednesday, but no buyer came in the market for that class of cattle; they were too good for the city. I concluded I would ship them on to Buffalo or Albany. When I got to Detroit I met a man by the name of Bates. He asked me why I did not take the cattle to Toronto, Canada, as they had no beef there. But he said I had better take some feed on the top of the cars, as they were out of feed too. I went to the custom house to see if I would have to make any change in my shipment, but there were no changes to be made. I consigned the cattle to Toronto. These were the first western cattle they had ever had in the market. The butchers were very glad to get the beef. I sold them at a good price and got back, after paying expenses, with seven hundred dollars more than I would have been willing to have sold them at in Chicago. I made two more trips to Canada that spring, but did not go any farther than Hamilton, a beautiful city. I was in Chicago the first week of June and met a Mr. McCoy, who was bringing in a bunch of Texas cattle. I noticed he did not understand how to handle them, so I helped him in the yard with them. He found I knew something about the market and asked me to get him a buyer for

the cattle. I went into the city and found a Mr. Layton, the father of the present head of the Layton Packing Co. of Milwaukee. Mr. McCoy said he had about four hundred more of these cattle southwest of Monmouth, Ill., near the Mississippi river, where he had fed them the past winter and he wanted me to come out and buy them. I gave him my address and told him when he was ready to sell to let me know and I would come and look at them; but I did not think I would ever hear from him.

I was going to be married the twenty-fifth of September. I told my wife to be that I would not leave home again until after the wedding. I was a very busy fellow those days. One day when I was in town (about a week before the wedding) I heard some one inquiring for me. I thought I knew the gentleman but found I was mistaken. He handed me a letter from Henry McCoy, asking me to fulfill my promise and come and buy his cattle. I told the old gentleman I could not possibly go as I was going to get married in a short time, and I had promised the little girl I would not leave any more until after the wedding. He urged me to go back with him, as they did not want to keep the cattle another winter. I told him I would see the little girl and ask her what I must do. I did so. She said:

“Go and buy the cattle if you want them.”

“But something might happen that I would not get back in time for the wedding.”

She replied, "Well, we can be married some other time, can't we?"

Well, I went with the old gentleman; we took a train to Mendota and then the Burlington to Monmouth. We telegraphed ahead to Monmouth to have a carriage waiting to drive us to where the cattle were, a distance of about twenty miles. I went out to look at the cattle. I made up my mind I would buy them, but I told them it was nearly dinner time and they could do nothing with an Englishman on an empty stomach. After dinner I went back and said,

"Now, friend, I know you are making no money on the price you put on cattle, but my father always said, 'there is no reason of two parties losing money on the same article.' If I paid you the price you ask, I would surely have to lose some money. Now if I buy those cattle you will have to keep them here until the tenth of October and you will have to give me three horses, three bridles and saddles."

He said, "If there comes a storm and I have to feed them, what will I do?"

I told him if I bought the cattle I would buy the feed. I gave between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars for the cattle. We went back to Chicago and I paid him so much on them.

I got back to Moweaqua about eight o'clock, the night before we were to be married. I found a few youngsters already gathered there. About

nine o'clock that night some one asked me if I had any license. I had forgotten all about my license. I put my wife's brother Mike, on a horse and sent him to Tayloryville, 18 miles, after a license. He called up the clerk, Mr. Goodrich, and told him what he wanted. Goodrich knew me very well. He asked Mike how old his sister was and when he was told not quite eighteen he would not give him a license, especially as he had no letter from his father. Mike knew that Judge Vandever was a particular friend of his father's, so he went and called him up. The judge told the clerk to let him have the license and he would stand between him and any trouble. Mike got back sometime that night. The elder from Springfield, who was to marry us, was to come on the morning train, but his wife urged him to eat some breakfast before he started, thus causing him to miss the train. The Methodist preacher Bryant, living here in Moweaqua, had not been ordained and could not perform the ceremony, but there was a local preacher in the country and we had to get him. The Illinois Central gave me a pass so my wife and I went to Chicago on our wedding trip and from there to Mount Vernon, Ohio, to visit my brother that I had never seen since we parted in forty-eight. I found my brother very comfortably situated, but just a few days before his wife had been thrown from a horse and had broken her limb. The Michigan Central gave me a pass to Niagara Falls and back, but I was in a hurry and did not go any farther than Detroit, and took a boat from there to

Sandusky; the same way I came out to Detroit in forty-eight. I left my wife at Mount Vernon and went back to Chicago; changed my wedding clothes and went back to Monmouth, where I had some boys from this country to meet me. I straightened up with McCoy and started the cattle back here. We had to swim the Illinois river at Beardstown. We came in by the way of Springfield. It was a very dry time, a little hard to get water. I got the cattle as far as Mosquito creek, where I made arrangements to winter a part of them. I stopped for the night at a house where there was an old couple that were just married that day. That night all the young people in the country came to charivari them. The groom plead, the bride plead, and the bridesmaid plead, and finally they went away. We were afraid they would scare the cattle.

We put those four hundred cattle in four lots to feed for the winter, and bought one hundred and twenty-five native cattle. It took between thirty and thirty-five thousand bushels of corn and nearly six hundred hogs. Corn cost about seventeen cents a bushel.

After I got the cattle on feed I went back to Ohio and brought my wife home; she had spent sixteen weeks with my brother.

In February of '57 I took part of those native cattle to Chicago. I went on the Illinois Central to Mendota and then took the Burlington to Chicago. We had been having rains and when I got

to Mendota I found that all the bridges were out between there and Chicago. We unloaded the cattle but had no place to put them except in the Illinois freight house. The agent asked us what we were going to do with them as we could not ship them any farther. I told him they were in as good a market as I wanted and the Illinois Central would take care of them. Soon after a message came from Chicago saying to ship the cattle back to Decatur, then on the Wabash to Tolono, and from there to Chicago. The dispatch said to tell Ponting he would find a message from the Illinois Central people at the Sherman yards (they had changed the name from Merrick to the Sherman.) They said to sell the cattle the same as if nothing was wrong with them and come to the office and they would settle satisfactorily. I put in my claim for expenses and damages and settled everything without any trouble; in fact I never had any trouble with a railroad in settling a claim. The latter part of April I took the rest of the native cattle to Chicago. I had to go to the Illinois Central land office nearly every week to buy land for some one in this neighborhood. When I went to the land office in April, who should I see but H. F. Day and Jack Hudson, both of whom are dead.

I put my hand on Day's shoulder and said: "Young man, you do not want to buy land; you had better come down where I live; it is a new town, and it will be a good chance for you. If you will go I will give you a pass."

About the first of June I had a commission man come from New York to try and buy these four hundred Texas cattle. His name was Westhamer. I priced the cattle to him at so much a head, as it was the custom to guess them off, but we could not agree on the price. The next week I shipped one hundred head of them to Chicago. Day went with me. When I got to the market Westhamer was still there and he bought the cattle at my price. We delivered them to Chicago at his expense, one hundred head every two weeks. Day went to New York with Westhamer and the cattle, then came back and went on the other three lots. I started H. F. Day in the cattle business. After Day got back from New York he came to Moweaqua. He loaned what money he had to Eli Jacobs. He went to Chicago with me again with some more cattle. While we were there a friend asked me if I could recommend some one to take a bunch of cattle to Milwaukee for him. I called Day and introduced him, and told him he could depend on him.

I said to Day: "You are going to Milwaukee with these cattle. I have many old acquaintances there. Let me sell you this bunch of fat cows that I have not sold and you will make some money out of them. He bought the cows and turned over the Eli Jacobs' note in payment, but lacked about twenty-six dollars of paying for them. When he came back from Milwaukee he seemed pretty blue. He said he had lost some money on the cattle. I asked him how

much and found it was about the amount of the note he gave me. I handed him the note and told him I thought he had done very well. He said he thought I was a friend of his. I told him I was, but he had to learn sometime and I thought he was a pretty good salesman or he would have lost more money. Day came back to Moweaqua and went into business for himself. About this time I went into the land office again. Mr. Austin, the salesman, told me he had an engagement for the next morning and asked me if I would come to the office for him if I did not go home. There were two men who looked like foreigners standing in the office, but they did not speak to me or I to them, although they heard what Mr. Austin had said to me. The next morning when I got to the office these two men were waiting at the door. I found out they were Englishmen. They asked me where I lived. I told them I lived in a good country and that I understood a great deal about land. These two men came down with me, one of them is still living: Clipston, who lives northeast of here; the other was Tom Rawley, the father of the two Rawley boys north of Assumption. I showed them around the country for two days; I then told them I could not spend any time with them, but if they would tell me just how much money they had to spend I would know where to take them. They told me how much they had and I took them across the creek to Barney Workman, that was James Workman's father. Mr. Workman had told me if I would get him a customer he would give me fifty

dollars. I introduced the men and told their business. I told Mr. Workman if he could sell the farm to these men I would not claim the fifty dollars, but he could give it to them. I left them there, and in the evening they came back to town and told me they had bought the farm. I advised them to make out papers and divide the land, each one taking so much. But they told me they had been together in California and could agree like brothers. I told them as one of them had a wife and the other was to be married soon, that it would not be the same as when there was just the two of them, but they would not listen to me and bought the land together. It turned out just as I predicted. They sold the farm back to Workman and separated; both got rich. I brought some very good men into the neighborhood.

The cattle business was very flourishing for that time of the year and the packers said they would have a big demand that fall; they were prepared then to pack hogs in Chicago. I spent the rest of the season contracting for cattle and hogs for the fall market. I had nearly a thousand cattle and fifteen hundred hogs contracted for, when, before we got in the market, we had the worst panic I ever saw. The money they had in the country was almost worthless. Until we got rid of this stock we had to carry a bank report, getting it twice a month, to tell just how much money was worth. We lost very heavily; men would say they would rather take my note and of course this made it

worse, for the notes had to be paid even if there was little to pay them with.

In the spring of fifty-eight I told my partner we had better buy some cattle and graze them that summer, but he insisted on buying some fat cattle to ship to New York and thus make up what we had lost. But no matter how cheap we bought the cattle we could not buy them cheap enough to make up what we had lost. Every time, but once, that we sold to the market that summer we lost money. We had sold the Campbell farm and the Eli Jacobs farm, but I still had a part of the farm that my boys own near Stonington. My wife insisted that we should move on the farm the spring of fifty-nine. I told her I was no farmer, but she thought we would be better off there. The crop in the year fifty-nine was very poor. I bought what corn was raised in the neighborhood at nineteen cents a bushel; but I mostly raised hogs. In the year of sixty we had good crops with fair prices. In sixty-one the war broke out and everything went to pieces. I sold fat hogs that fall for two dollars and ten cents a hundred. I bought two thousand bushels of corn of Reuben Wilkinson at seven cents a bushel, paying one hundred and forty dollars for two thousand bushels, and it was dear enough at that.

I forgot to say that before I went on the farm my partner and I settled up all of our business. We tried to divide all the indebtedness but the parties would not release me. I had two car loads of

fat cattle that summer and I bought two car loads more of Mr. Snyder at one dollar and seventy-five cents a hundred. We shipped them to New York, as was the habit in those days. I fed corn to the cattle that summer and the cattle were very fat. I just mentioned this to show how low things will get sometimes.

In sixty-two we had a fair crop of corn. I had seven hundred hogs and pigs on hand, all my own raising. By December I had two hundred and fifty of them fat. There were no scales at the farm. Some buyers came from New York to buy them; I priced them at ten dollars a head, but they would give only nine and a half, so I drove them to Moweaqua and shipped them to Chicago. I got ten and a half a head for them after paying all expenses.

The spring of sixty-three was very dry and we were late getting the corn in. The last of August we had a frost that killed all of the corn except that on very high land. This made cattle very low. The summer was very dry and there was no pasture. The state fair was held in Decatur this year. I purchased one hundred and fifty-six cattle of a man who traded his patent on derricks and hay forks for them. I bought them for one dollar and twelve and one half cents a hundred; weighing them in Decatur. We had quite a lot of stock on hands, and Mrs. Ponting felt very bad when I bought these others for there was no feed in the country. I herded them and carried them through the winter; lost very few.

Next summer we had a good crop and things were a good price on account of the war. Some fellow came along and stole twenty-six of my cattle and about ten of my neighbor's. I knew who the fellow was but could not prove anything. I fed those cattle the next winter and the corn I had to buy was a good price. The spring of sixty-five I sold them in Chicago, the day before Richmond was taken. They brought one hundred and nineteen dollars a head; the hogs that run after them we sold at eleven cents a pound. My partner had died and I had to settle all the old debts made between us that he was to have paid; this was one of my failings.

In sixty-six I went to Abilene, Kansas, to buy cattle to feed. After the war the Texas people drove cattle to this place. I bought five or six hundred. In the spring of sixty-seven I sold them and made some money. In sixty-seven I went back to Abilene to buy more cattle. Abilene was a hard place to stop, and as I had a pass I went on to Salina for the night. That night P. T. Barnum had telegraphed to the landlord for beds. He was going to Fort Hays to hunt buffaloes; Custer was in command at Fort Hays at this time. Barnum told the landlord that he wanted to invest in some cattle for a young man in Colorado that he had raised and asked the landlord to bring in some live cattle man, so he could talk to him. The landlord came to me and asked me to go in, there were older cattle men there than I, and I begged him to take one of them, but he insisted on taking me in. As

soon as I was introduced to Barnum, he said: "You are an Englishman."

"No, sir," I replied.

"Yes," he said, "you are Somerset or Gloucester."

And then I had to own that I was Somersetshire. During our talk he told me he had had three interviews with Queen Victoria. While we were talking about cattle I gave him a letter I had just received from my commission man in Chicago. I told him if he wanted to know something about cattle to read this letter. He wanted me to give him a letter of introduction to Mr. Adams, but I told him no one could read my letter after it was cold, it had to be read hot. The men laughed to hear of a letter that had to be read hot. I gave him Mr. Adams' address and told him I would let Mr. Adams know he was coming. Mr. Adams told me afterwards he had never met a nicer man. When I bought my cattle that fall I bought a buffalo and brought it home with me, but that broke me of buying buffaloes. It did very well until spring and then it wanted to run over the country and the very smell of it scared the horses.

In sixty-eight I took all of the cattle that were fat to Albany; I probably fed eight or nine hundred that year. I also took the buffalo. Some gentleman bought it and took it to some park. This gentleman was the head of a business college. We were getting pretty good prices for cattle and hogs.

Money was very plentiful, as the boys had just got home from the war.

In the fall of sixty-nine I went back to Kansas to buy cattle. I was delayed one night and had to stop at Abilene. That night there were seven men shot there. While talking to the landlord I heard that he had an uncle, an Englishman, living in Salem, Oregon, who was a cattle man. I told him I had a friend in Salem, Oregon, that had gone from Wisconsin, and that his name was Tom Cross. He seemed surprised and said that was his uncle's name. I asked him if he was not his uncle by marriage, and when he said he was, I told him that I was the one that had introduced Mr. Cross to his present wife. She was from Minominy Falls, Wisconsin, and one cold winter morning she came into Mr. Cross' meat market to try and sell him a yoke of oxen. I had her to come to the fire and wait until the oxen came up; Mr. Cross came in and I introduced them. He bought the oxen and got the lady's driver to take them back to Minominy Falls. A few days after he asked me if I would let him have my riding pony, as he wanted to ride out after the oxen. I thought that was only an excuse, for he went and stayed all night, and the lady's driver brought the oxen in.

There was a dance in the dining room that night. The girls came out of the bushes and the Texas boys had their spurs on. I told the landlord that I wanted to go to bed and he gave me the best room in the house, but when I went in, I found I was to

occupy it with another gentleman. This gentleman asked me where I was from. He said he never expected to be as near hell on earth as he was tonight. He told me he was from Baltimore, Md., and that he had come out to look at a tract of land on the south side of Smoky river. He said he was the presiding elder of the Methodist Church in Baltimore. I did not wonder that he thought this a hard place. I had hard work to make him quit talking so I could go to sleep. I have always been sorry that I lost his address. I must have bought a thousand cattle at Abilene that season. We still marketed them at Buffalo and Albany.

In October of seventy, after I got through selling my cattle, I told my wife I would not buy any more cattle until late in the fall and we would take a trip to Colorado. The road was finished then to Denver. I had been in Denver but a few days, when I went out to look at a bunch of cattle and the first thing I knew I had bought six hundred cattle. I told my wife they were so good I could not keep from buying them. We went to Colorado Springs and while here my baby boy, Theopholis, got the mountain fever. Of course this spoiled all of our pleasure. The railroad gave me a pass to take my wife and baby home, also a pass back to Denver. I went back and shipped the cattle. One day after I had returned to Denver and was walking up the street, a carriage drove up and stopped; some man spoke my name and who should it be but P. T. Barnum. He said he was going back east, but was now going to the Ford Hotel

for a bath and supper. He wanted me to go and take supper with him. I told him I had had supper, but would come and chat with him while he ate. He had written to me some time before about buying some thoroughbred cattle in Kentucky. Some one had told him they could be bought for so much; I answered the letter and told him it could not be done. He thanked me for doing so, saying they had sent a man to buy the cattle, and had found that I knew more about it than the other party. I did not stop at the same hotel that I did when Mrs. Ponting was with me. The place I stopped at last was more of a cattle man's house. The landlord who kept the house that I stopped at before, learning that I was in the city came and told me he would rather board me for nothing than have me stop at some other place, as I made so much company for the other guests. I shipped the cattle and got them home on good pasture. They were an excellent lot of cattle, probably as good as I ever fed. People could not believe they were cattle that had been raised on the range without any feed, winter or summer, but grass. I was not satisfied with bringing home six hundred but went back to Colorado and purchased about two hundred more. The railroad said if I would load them on Sunday they would urge the train through without any stop, but if I waited until Monday they could not run so regularly, and if I got into a storm not to blame any one. I got plenty of help and loaded the cattle on Sunday and got home alright. In February of seventy-one we shipped a

part of the cattle that were fat to Albany. These were the first Colorado cattle that were ever in Albany. The cattle that I fed that winter turned out well and I made some money.

The Hall boys, Josiah and Albert, who lived at Willey Station, were in Texas buying cattle. They were located near Baxter Springs, near the Cherokee nation. Just after I got through with my fat cattle shipment they wrote to me asking me to come down and see the cattle. I went down and stayed a few days with them. One night while I was there a man came up and said he was there to inspect the brands of different herds, and if there was any certain brand in the herd he had a right to take them or sell them. I saw in a minute that he was a scoundrel. The boys turned him over to me. I told the man we had a bill of sale for these cattle from some responsible parties and if there was any brand there he claimed he could not touch a bullock, except by the hand of the law. He thought I was the owner and of course I did not tell him any different. The next morning we got our horses and let him pass among all of the cattle. He said he saw a good many brands that he had a right to claim, but as we were so determined not to give them up without a law suit he would not take them. I was satisfied the man had no right to the cattle, but took that way of making his living. The Hall boys were glad I happened to be there. I went back home but in a short time I had a letter from the boys urging me to come down

and buy my fall feeding cattle, instead of going to Kansas for them. Mr. William Hall, the boy's father, and I went down together. When we got to Baxter Springs we hired a team to take us out to the camp. About dinner time we got to a Texas camp and inquired the way to the Hall boys' camp. The Texans told us they had just eaten dinner and for us to tie our team and come and eat. We accepted the offer, but all we had to eat were potatoes, boiled with their peelings on, in a great tall kettle, and each of the men had dropped their peelings back in the kettle. These potatoes, with salt, was the dinner we had been invited to partake of. Mr. Hall, though not a wicked man, was a great swearer, and after we had left camp he told us to hold on; he got up, worked his arms and said, "Why in hell does a man ask you to have something to eat when there is nothing."

We got to the camp without any trouble. The coyotes made a great fuss that night. I could not sleep. The next morning we paid our driver and sent him back. We got some saddle horses and rode on about ten miles, where we found Mr. Hunter, whose home was in Bond County. He was better known as Barney Hunter. He still lives near Buffalo, in Sangamon County. He was cutting out some cattle he had purchased. There were twenty-five hundred cattle in this drove; he had purchased all two, three and four-year-olds. A bullock that was not good enough for a three-year-old went in as a two; anything not good enough for a four went

as a three-year-old. This cutting out was done in the open prairie and it was a sight worth seeing; Mr. Hall had never seen it before. The two-year-olds and the three-year-olds were all cut into the same herd. There was a man keeping a tally of them, so they could tell just how many three's, how many four's and over there were. It took several days work to do this cutting out. I asked Mr. Hunter how many two and threes there would be. He estimated about eight hundred. I asked him what he would take for them. He said the ones he bought for twelve dollars a head he would sell for thirteen dollars; the ones he paid fifteen for I could have for sixteen. I told him I would take the two's and three's, let it be what it would. Mr. Hunter knew me and knew the trade was all right. I went back to camp but I could not sleep that night, for I had not left Mrs. Ponting very well. The next morning I asked the Hall boys if they would look after things for me and let me know just how many cattle there were. They wrote me there were just eight hundred and fifty and they told just how much they amounted to, but they made a mistake and just sent me the amount Hunter paid for them. I sent the draft for that amount.

I wrote them I would be there in a few days. I had made arrangements to meet a Mr. Catherwood, at Chitopa, but Mrs. Ponting told me I could not go, as she was not very well, and I always obeyed orders. I was very much worried,

for I knew Mr. Catherwood would be there to meet me, and there was no way of letting him know I could not be there; there was no telegraph at Chitopa. Saturday noon (I had intended to start on Sunday) who should come but my nephew from England, R. J. Stone, now living at Stonington. I had never seen him before, but I sized him up and decided to send him to fulfill my contract. I got my wife's consent to go to St. Louis with him Sunday evening, promising to come right back. I got him a pass to Chitopa and showed him a photograph of the man he was to meet. I told him the gentleman would be there the day after he got there and for him to go to the train to meet Mr. Catherwood, and if he did not see him to inquire for him. My nephew wrote back, saying he did not see such a man get off of the train, but as he was walking back to the hotel he saw a man in front of him and soon as he saw the back of his head he knew he was the man he was looking for. He spoke to him and found that his name was Catherwood, so he delivered my message. I thought my nephew must be very observing, to tell a man he had never seen, from the back of his head. Mr. Catherwood stayed with him until the cattle were shipped in.

While I was in Baxter Springs, which was the place we stopped at in fifty-three when we passed out of the nation, I stopped at a hotel where there were no women folks at all, except the chambermaids. I asked the landlord if he had no family.

He said, "Yes, but who would bring a family into such a place as this." I took dinner there one Sunday, and while we were at the table we heard several shots fired. Every one, except myself, went out to see what the firing was about; I was always a little timid when there was shooting going on. After dinner I found that one of the parties that did the shooting was a particular friend of Mr. Hall. They had to hold court, even if it was Sunday. The officer came to arrest the man I spoke of, who said he would surrender, only on conditions. These were, that he could take his double-barreled shot gun and his revolver to court with him. They had a trial and he was bound over to court at a certain time. I asked this friend of the Hall boys what they did as they never carried any revolvers. The reply was that they were gentlemen and did not need any.

The Hall Boys' cattle and horses and mine amounted to something over two thousand head. There was a new railroad finished from St. Louis through Missouri, close to the Indian line, to a place called Pierce City. The railroad officers had some agents trying to get a contract to carry these cattle over the new road. The Halls notified me (I was at home) and I told them to make the best possible trade they could and it would be all right with me. This road was so anxious to carry the cattle, which were over eighty car load, that they agreed to bill them through to Stonington, Ill. for so much a car, but they were to pay us back fifty

dollars a car; they were billed fifty dollars a car more than we had to pay. When we loaded the cattle there were some big men there from New York; probably to sell the bonds of the roads or to sell the railroad, I could not tell. It was a great sight for those New York men to see eighty car load of cattle loaded on a new road as the first shipment. It took a couple of days to get all of these cattle on the train. There was so much excitement that they forgot to bill ten car load of these cattle, but at St. Louis they paid us back fifty dollars for every one of the eighty cars. Mr. Hall did the figuring up of the freight; he called me and said there was some mistake he could not understand. I looked it over and soon found there were ten car load of cattle that had not been billed, and they had already paid us the fifty dollars a piece for bringing them in, and the ten cars came in free. But it is not often the railroad makes such a blunder against itself.

We got the cattle out on different feed. Sometime the last of November I received a letter from a Mr. Toothaker, from Mosquito Creek. He urged me to come over and look at a lot of fat cattle that he wished to sell. I did not need any more cattle that fall, but I rode over to look at them. He took me out and showed me the cattle; he priced them to me and I thought them very cheap, but I had no place for them. After dinner I got my horse and started home, but he insisted that I should make a bid on them. I told him I would give him so much

a head if he would hold them two weeks for me. To my surprise he accepted the offer. I took them home in a couple of weeks and put them on good feed; I think there were about eighty head of them. I also had some fat hogs about this time. Sometime in December, an old gentleman came along buying cattle to ship to Baltimore, Maryland. He said he was buying hogs and he had heard I had some. He said he would give me so much a pound for them. It was a very good price, but I told him I had a lot of fat cattle and I could not sell the hogs until I sold the cattle. I took him out and showed him the cattle, and to get the hogs he finally bought all of the cattle. The Toothaker deal cleared me over fifteen hundred dollars, besides paying for the feed they had eaten.

Our cattle in the winter of seventy-one and seventy-two did very well. In the spring we shipped to Buffalo and Albany as usual. Mr. Hall and I still had our contract to carry our cattle together as Hall and Ponting. By doing this we got cheaper rates. We would sometimes handle over two thousand cattle in a year. While we were in Buffalo the latter part of May, our commission man gave us tickets to go to the races. I never cared much for races, but I went along for pastime. We left the races in the evening as we had to go and have our passes stamped. The old gentleman that stamped them for us remarked that we were leaving the races early. I told him we thought we

had better get away before we lost what we won.

The old gentleman said: "Won, eh?"

"Mine was not hardly twenty-five hundred dollars and Hall's was not less than fifteen hundred."

"By playing pool?" the old gentleman asked.

Of course I did not know what playing pool was or don't know today, but I told him "Yes," and commenced talking about something else. A few months later we went there again to have our passes stamped and the old gentleman told us we were the only stock men that won on the races; a good many had lost heavily. Of course I did not tell him I had been joking.

After we got through our summer work I returned to Kansas as usual. My health was not very good and during the latter part of the summer I spent a great deal of time in camp with the cattle men. I think it did me more good than anything I had ever done, for it gave me a good appetite and I looked fresher. I bought my cattle that year as far west as Ellsworth. As the country settled up it drove the Texas men back farther on the plains, outside of the settlers. Our cattle did very well that winter and the next season we shipped them to Buffalo and Albany. One Sunday morning on my way back I got off at Erie while they were changing engines and who should I meet on the platform but P. T. Barnum. He said he was going to Columbus, Ohio, and would leave

this road at Cleveland. He asked me to come into the Pullman and sit with him until he got to Cleveland. I had a very nice visit with him; this was the last time I ever saw him, although I had some letters from him; one not long before he died.

That fall when I got home from my eastern shipment I received a letter from Mankato, Minn., urging me to come there and buy cattle. I knew the man; he was a great cattle man. I went to the bank and got my money in different sized drafts; some on Gillman, Son & Co., Wall street, New York, and on the Missouri Saving Association, St. Louis. I went to Minnesota and stayed there several days. I found cattle but they were in small lots and I thought it would take too much time to buy seven or eight hundred cattle. On my way back I stopped at Sioux City, then went on to Kansas City. Soon after reaching Kansas City I met an old cattle friend with whom I was well acquainted. He asked me if I had heard the news and when I told him no, he told me that Jay Cook and Co. had broken up; he was building the Northern Pacific at that time. My friend told me that the next day all of the cattle would go down one third in price and all of the banks would have to suspend.

The stock men were having a banquet that night and gave me a pass; this was the first and last banquet that I ever attended. Of course champagne was used pretty freely, but as I did not use any it did not hurt me. The next morning, just as my friend predicted, few of the banks in

Kansas City opened their doors; things were in a very gloomy state. But of course my money was all right.

The following is the bill of sale of part of the cattle I bought in Kansas City in 1873:

Sept. 23—No. Cattle, 38; Total.....	\$ 735.00
Exchange	3.00
Sept. 24—Cash	30.00
Sept. 24—3 Cattle; No. Lbs., 3,000; Price, \$2.25; Total,	67.50
Sept. 24—1 Cattle; Total.....	15.00
Sept. 24—200 Cattle, T. C. Cole; Total.....	2,600.00
Sept. 25—44 Cattle; No. Lbs., 45,440; Price, \$2.80;	
Total	1,272.32
Sept. 25—31 Cattle; No. Lbs., 32,730; Price, \$3.10;	
Total	1,014.63
Sept. 26—50 Cattle; No. Lbs., 54,250; Total.....	
50c per head added 25; Price, 3.00.....	
900 Lbs. of hay, \$13.50; Total.....	1,666.00
Sept. 26—Exchange	4.00
Sept. 28—1,600 Lbs. of hay.....	24.00
Sept. 28—2 Cattle	50.00
Sept. 29—Cash	2.00
Sept. 29—114 Cattle; No. Lbs., 103,250; Price, \$2.25;	
Total	2,323.12
Sept. 29—5 Cattle; No. Lbs., 5,130; Price, \$2.50;	
Total	128.25
Sept. 29—Cash	10.00
Sept. ..—Exchange	2.45
Sept. 29—4 Cattle; Price, \$5.00; Total.....	20.00
Sept. 30—Cash	5.00
Oct. 1—60 Cattle; No. Lbs., 50,550; Price, \$2.10;	
Total	1,061.55
Oct. 1—1 Cattle; No. Lbs., 1,210; Price, \$2.50; Total,	30.25
Oct. 2—1 Cattle; No. Lbs., 1,000; Price, \$2.50;	
Total	25.00
Oct. 2—1 Cattle; No. Lbs., 920; Price, \$1.75; Total.	16.10
Oct. 3—900 Lbs. of hay.....	13.50
Oct. 3—1,900 Lbs. of hay.....	28.50
Oct. 3—Shipper	12.00
Oct. 3—Exchange	1.25
Oct. 3—4 Cattle; No. Lbs., 3,330; Price, \$2.25;	
Total	74.92
Oct. 4—Exchange75

Oct.	5—900 Lbs. of hay	13.50
Oct.	5—43 Cattle; No. Lbs., 34,600; Price, \$2.00;	
	Total	692.00
Oct.	5—3 Cattle; No. Lbs., 2,360; Price, \$2.35; Total,	55.46
Oct.	8—Cash	5.00
Oct.	8—26 Cattle; No. Lbs., 22,180; Price, \$2.20;	487.96
Oct.	9—80 Cattle; No. Lbs., 73,760; Price, \$2.30;	
	Total	1,696.48
Oct.	10—1 Cattle; No. Lbs., 740; Price, \$2.30; Total..	16.65
Oct.	10—Exchange	2.30
Oct.	10—Hay	18.00
Oct.	10—Cash	53.12
	Total	\$14,277.50

I also purchased about 200 other cattle in Kansas City that fall, but I have lost the bills.

I went on to Ellsworth with one of my cousins. While here I met a gentleman from Detroit, who was buying cattle to stock a ranch at Council Grove, Kansas. I told him about the panic in Kansas City and that the banks had suspended. He said it did not amount to much, as Kansas City did not have much money anyway. The next morning he told me that he had been thinking a great deal about what I had told him. I told him he would think more in a few days. I went out to the ranch with my cousin and stopped several days. When I got back to Ellsworth whom should I see but my Detroit friend. He told me he had started out to buy cattle, but had thought so much about what I had told him that he could not make a trade. Several months afterwards I met this gentleman in Chicago. He said that telling him what I did at Ellsworth had saved him a good

many thousand dollars as he was going to buy the cattle the next day if he had not met me.

I had my drafts from Vandever Bank on those firms that I spoke of before. I got a letter every day from Vandever, saying to pay out those checks or return them. I paid the drafts out in time and they were all returned to the bank. Gillman and Sons suspended, but not until after my draft was in, so there was no loss. But this panic did not affect the country as the one of 1893 affected it. In the seventy-three panic we did not return specific payment, therefore the people kept the greenbacks in circulation and we got over it much easier than we did the later one. But the depression was so great that many cattle men went to the wall.

I sold the cattle that I fed the winter of seventy-three and seventy-four, in Chicago; did not return east any more. In the fall of seventy-four I went back to Kansas City. They had a tremendous drought there that season. Cattle sold lower than they did in seventy-three. I bought one lot of cattle that only cost me one dollar and twenty-five cents a hundred. I bought hogs as cheap as I did the cattle.

Of course I was away from home a great deal in those days. I had to spend much time east selling cattle, and much time west buying them. Therefore, Mrs. Ponting had to look after the farm. We did not pretend to raise a great deal of corn, but kept our land mostly in grass. We bought our

corn of the neighbors; there were no elevators in the country and people depended upon selling their corn to feeders.

Mrs. Ponting also had to look after the banking interest. Mr. Vandever told me to let Mrs. Ponting attend to this so if anything got wrong with the drafts he could notify her and they could get it straightened out easier than to wait until I got home. But as good luck would have it, we never had any drafts go wrong.

In the fall of seventy-four we marketed our cattle as usual, in Buffalo and Albany. We made a very good market. I had been in the habit of selling while in Albany a car load of cattle every two weeks to a boot and shoe manufacturer from Worcester, Mass. When I got there in seventy-four, he came around as usual, but the market was not very good that day. He made me a bid but I would not take it. He came back later and made another bid for them. I told him I was in hopes I would make enough out of this bunch of cattle to get Mrs. Ponting a pair of shoes, but if I took his price she would have to do without the shoes until I made the money in some other way. He asked me what number she wore and I told him fours, although, of course, I did not know. He said that in a couple of weeks he would bring her up a pair of shoes, as he did not want her to go without. Mr. Ephriam Herald was standing by me at the time; he shipped cattle from Clinton, Ill. In a couple of weeks I was at this place again, and the

gentleman fulfilled his promise and brought me a pair of good shoes for Mrs. Ponting. Some years afterwards I had some business in Abilene, Texas, about two hundred and fifty miles west of Fort Worth, and while waiting for my train I saw a whole train of Pullman cars pull in, loaded with parties back from California. They had stopped there to change engines, but who should I see stop out on the platform but my friend Herald. He asked me how my wife was and if she had any shoes; when I told him she had, he said if he thought she had no shoes he would take up a collection among the cattle men and send her something. I have never met Mr. Herald since, although I have heard from him, and when I do he always says something about the shoes. I did not go back to Kansas City that fall to buy my cattle. They had built two more packing houses and had commenced canning meat; something they had not done before. The cattle the packers had killed had been put in barrels and sold as salt beef. When they commenced canning beef it made Texas cattle too high for us to buy for feeding. The profit in Texas cattle in those days was to buy them as low as possible.

I bought my feeding cattle in Chicago this year. I did not buy as many as usual as they began to have elevators on the Wabash road and corn was bought and shipped to other parts of the country instead of being fed so much. I shipped my seventy-five cattle to Chicago. While I was there a gentleman came up to me and asked if he might

inquire my name. I told him yes, and that my name was Tom Ponting, when I was at home. He said his name was John Vickery. This was the friend that I got acquainted with in Ohio in forty-seven and eight. We were very glad to see each other. At first I could see nothing that reminded me of my old friend, but after I was with him awhile it all came back and he seemed like he did when I first met him. He asked me where I lived and if I was married. I told him I had married a German girl. After I had reached home I told Mrs. Ponting whom I had seen. She was very anxious to see him as she had heard so much about him.

About a year afterwards he came to visit us. He invited us to his home in Dwight, Livingston County, to help celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary. I told him he would not write and ask us until he had come out and seen whether my wife wore wooden shoes or not. We went and had a very nice time and found him very nicely situated. While he was at our house I took him to Taylorville and introduced him to Mr. Vandever, the banker. I told him when we had first met and how we had each prospered. Mr. Vandever said it was not common for two boys to meet so many years ago, both follow the same business and be financially successful. Mr. Vickery and his wife are both dead.

In the latter part of May, 1876, Mrs. Ponting and I went to the exposition at Philadelphia. We had a very nice time. I often said to my wife:

"Let us rest awhile."

But she would say: "We can rest after we get home."

Mrs. Ponting has followed that plan all her life.

When it came to buying our feeding cattle in the fall of seventy-six, Mr. Adams (my son-in-law's father) wanted to go with me. We went to Chicago but found feeding cattle hard to get. While in Chicago I met a Mr. Spangler from Buchanan County, Iowa (I got a letter recently saying he was dead). He said that where he lived they had a great many cattle, and as they were short of corn they would have to sell them. I went to the Central depot in Chicago and got a pass for Mr. Adams and myself, to Independence, Iowa; Independence was the county seat of Buchanan County. Mr. Spangler asked us to stop at his place, which we did. He was very nicely situated and I knew from his surroundings he must be a responsible person. I told him to take us out where there were two bunches of cattle for sale and to price them in our presence, and I would tell him if the cattle were worth the money. I was satisfied with the cattle and asked him if he would buy us fourteen car loads, taking all of the responsibility, put them on the cars without any expense to us, and be responsible for any bullock that got away. I asked him what he would charge us a head for doing this. He said he would charge us one dollar a head; there would be about four hundred cattle in all. Mr. Adams was always a very close man, and he

thought this too much. But I told him it was worth a great deal, for we had no expense and we did not have to hire a man to drive us over the country. Before I left Mr. Spangler I contracted for ten car loads for myself, and I was to come back after them later. We got the cattle to Moweaqua without any trouble. Mr. Adams asked me how many of the fourteen car loads I wanted. I told him half of them. He said he did not see how we were going to divide them, but I told him it would not be any trouble if we were both honest. We unloaded them; seven car loads in each lot, and took them to his farm across the creek. The next morning I took some one to help me and rode out. I told Mr. Adams, as there were two different classes, we would take seven car loads and divide them in four equal lots; the heavier ones in two lots and the lighter ones in two lots. We would then toss up, and the one that won would take his choice. Then we were to weigh them and the one that had the heavier lot, was to pay the other the difference. We did this and there was less than three hundred pounds difference in the two lots.

I returned later and got the ten car loads for myself. During this season I attended a short-horn sale at Springfield. I took my two children, Jessie and Theopholis; Jessie was about twelve years old and Theopholis about eight. The second day we were there a very nice red short horn heifer was brought into the ring and nothing would do Jessie but that she must buy it. I tried to keep

her from it, but she would buy it. It cost two hundred and ten dollars. She had a chance to sell it to another buyer for more money, but she would not sell it. There was a very nice heifer calf came, and Theopholis had to buy it. It cost one hundred and eighty-five dollars, and of course I had to buy the mother. This started us in the short-horn business.

In April of seventy-seven I took some fat cattle to Chicago; while there I met two old Irish friends, Mike and Paddy Burns. They had been buying cattle for a number of years for F. C. Eastman and Co., of New York, for the British trade. There were no better judges of cattle than these two men. After looking at a bullock they asked me how many fat cattle I had at home. I told them about four hundred. They told me to go home and buy every bullock I could buy, for we were sure to have a good trade. I spoke to my commission man about it, and he said that was his opinion, but he never liked to advise anyone to contract cattle. I went home and talked to Mrs. Ponting on the subject. At first she was opposed to contracting for any more cattle, but she finally told me to go and buy them if I wanted to. I started out and contracted for about three hundred; in the lot were the cattle of Mr. Adams that he had brought from Iowa in the fall. I now had about seven hundred cattle on hand; they were all on corn feed, and grass as soon as it came.

The first week in June two brothers by the name

of Bushnell, from Holland, came to see me at Stonington. One of the men had been shipping cattle from Holland to England. He had come to make his brother a visit and concluded he would ship some cattle back. He went to the stock yards at St. Louis and inquired where would be a good place to buy what he wanted as they did not have them at St. Louis. A friend of mine gave him my address and he came to see me. He told me his business. I told him I had the cattle but I did not know whether I had any good enough for him. I took him out and showed him two lots; about two hundred and fifty in the two lots. We went back to the house and I priced them. I told him it was of no use to ask me to take less, as that was the lowest price that would buy them. He bought the cattle; drew up a contract and gave me a check on the trade for so much. I told him I would treat him in this matter just as I would be treated.

"I will order the cars for you, load them and bed them, selecting them while you are present. It is our custom to herd them twelve hours before we weigh them."

This was something they did not know anything about. I selected the cattle; taking out the tail ends. After he had returned to St. Louis he sent me two gallons of Holland gin. Selling these cattle to go to the old country caused quite an excitement in Christian County, as these were the first cattle that had ever gone out.

The next week another St. Louis man, by the name of Rothchild, came to see me. He wanted to buy cattle and I took him over to Mr. Adams and showed him what I had there. I told him the contract between Mr. Adams and myself. I told him I would sell him the cattle and turn my contract over to him for five hundred dollars, but would sell them no other way. He took the cattle. Mr. Adams asked me if I was not making money pretty easy. I asked him what I could do for him, if a new suit of clothes would satisfy him. He said it would, so I bought him a new suit.

In a few days a Springfield man came to my house and wanted to buy some cattle. I sold him about two hundred; I had about fifty head left and I sold these back to the same man I bought them of. He gave me one and one-half dollars a head profit for them. This finished up my winter and summer trade. It was the first time I ever sold my cattle at home and the last time I ever contracted for any.

In the fall of seventy-nine we had the first fat stock show in Chicago. It was down on the lake front. I attended. At that time I was running the old Tanner farm (right west of us). I had been running it two or three years. There were twelve hundred acres, timber and all. I paid one thousand a year for it, which looks very cheap now.

I got my cattle that season in Chicago. Jessie and Theopholis would come here to Moweaqua to

receive them; sometimes getting here before daylight. Jessie could drive cattle just as good as any boy, and I think it was good for her.

In the spring of eighty I attended a short-horn sale in Chicago and bought a few more short horns. Gen. Lippincott and Spear were having a partnership sale to divide up their business. There was a duchess short-horn heifer brought into the ring. Mr. Lippincott asked the crowd if they would permit him to make a bid on her. Gaining their permission he made a bid of fifteen thousand dollars. I thought he was crazy, and the way it turned out I guess I was right. That fall I attended the fair at St. Louis and bought four Herefords; they were raised in Maine. I had always wanted Herefords. I also attended the fat stock show in Chicago that fall but did not show anything.

In the spring of eighty-one I received a letter from W. H. Southam, Guelph, Canada. He said he was buying some thorough-bred Herefords for Mr. Claypole, a United States Senator, of Michigan. He said he would have to hold the cattle until he had orders from Washington, allowing them to come through. And he knew of four very cheap Herefords that he could buy for me if I would give him the order. I did so and it turned out to be a very good trade. In less than a year I sold one of those cattle for as much as the four had cost me.

In the summer of eighty-one I attended a fair in Chicago, but not a state fair. While here I met the late Harry Yoeman. I asked him if he was

not a new comer. He said he was. He was from Herefordshire, Stratton Court, England. I gave him one of my cards; he said he had heard of me in the old country. He said he was over looking at the country. He was going to the fair. It was held that year in Peoria, then he was going to the St. Louis fair. I told him after he got through looking around to come and visit me and he would learn how we had to live and do in this country.

That fall my son, Theopholis, bought some imported Cotswold sheep from which he had a lot of pleasure.

Mrs. Ponting and I went up to see her father at the old home place. The old gentleman said he wanted to sell the old place and none of the children wanted to buy it. There were about 500 acres. I told my wife it would be a good investment and to buy it. She said she would give him two weeks to consider, and if at the end of that time he still wanted to sell it she would buy it. At the end of the two weeks he still wanted to sell. We bought it, but did not move there for over a year.

We attended the state fair at Springfield that fall. I showed a few Herefords and won a few prizes. Mr. Yoeman had come to see me that fall and we attended the fat stock show together. There was a party going to England to buy some Hereford cattle and I told Yoeman to go too, and buy all the cattle he could buy, and he would make more money than he ever had made before. He said he had to collect some money for his brother

from Mr. Miller, of Beecher. I told him Miller was good enough, but a little long-winded. I advised him to start back at once and buy the cattle. He said he was out of money. I asked him how much he needed; he said, "Twenty pounds" (one hundred dollars.) I gave him the money and told him to give me a note, but he did not know what I meant; they did not give notes in England.

"Well," I said, "take a piece of paper and write that you owe me a hundred dollars." He wrote, "I owe you a hundred dollars." "Well," I said, "date it and say you got it at the Chicago fat stock show in the fall of eighty-one, and sign your name to it. Now keep your eyes open and buy all you can buy."

He went out and bought quite a bunch of cattle. Some parties went from here soon after and hunted him up, they bought all he had already bought. He made about three hundred pounds (fifteen hundred dollars.)

When he returned they had to stay in quarantine ninety days. While Yoeman was in England he wrote to me, saying that I had treated him better than a brother. He said he was going to ship some cattle back here and asked if he could do anything for me. I wrote for him to buy me four good heifers. When I learned that Yoeman had landed at Portland I wrote and asked him if he wanted the money for the cattle he had bought for me. He answered that he was coming to make me a visit. He came and stayed with me some time.

He said there was a certain party going to Maine to look at the cattle, and he thought he would have no trouble in selling them. He paid me what he had borrowed less what he had paid for my cattle. When he got back to Portland these parties did not come to buy the cattle. He wrote to me asking what he should do as he did not know where to take them. I told him to ship them to Stonington, and if he needed any money to make a draft on me through H. M. Vandever, at Taylorville, and to notify me by telegraph how much the draft was for. I got a dispatch saying he had drawn for so much. I went to Taylorville and made out a check for the amount. But instead of drawing on me for the amount, he had drawn on Vandever and Co., but my check was there and when the draft came they knew what it meant and paid it.

In the fall of eighty-two I sold all of my short-horns; part to Mr. Ayars, of Louisiana, Missouri, and part to George Elliot, Harriestown, Illinois. The cattle from Portland all came in good shape. The boy that was living with me and some other friends asked me why I did not buy all of Yoeman's cattle. Yoeman said he would sell them to me cheaper than to anyone else. I told him it would take a great deal of money to do this and I would have to go to Taylorville and see my banker. Yoeman said it did not matter about the money. But I told him I would not buy them unless I paid for them. I called upon my banker and he said I could have all the money I wanted. I told Yoeman if

the cattle were priced low enough, were recorded and regular breeders I would buy them. He said he would guarantee that.

I said: "We will probably differ on the price of the cattle. I will go through them and mark down what I will give for each bullock. You do the same, and we show our figures."

We did this, there was about three hundred dollars difference; I was three hundred dollars lower than he, but he knocked that off and I bought the cattle. It turned out to be an excellent trade.

I wish to go back to the spring of eighty-two. As I said before, my son Theopholis had bought about ten imported Cotswold sheep. He did not have money enough to pay for them. He said his sister had written and offered to loan him her money and he would then lack only three hundred and thirty dollars. He wanted to know if I would let him have that amount. I told him to go to Vandever's bank and if they could spare it they would let him have it. He did this, and Mr. Vandever told me afterwards that when he came into the bank he asked for the money with as much confidence as any business man would. The judge was in the bank at the time and he asked whose son that was, and when Mr. Vandever told him Ponting's, he said to let him have as much money as he wanted—"It takes boys to make men." They drew up the note for three hundred and thirty dollars. This is a copy of the original note:

\$330.

March 11, 1882.

Eight months after date I promise to pay.....
 H. M. Vandever and Co.....or order
 three hundred and thirty dollars, with eight per
 cent interest from date, for value received, payable
 at the Banking House of H. M. Vandever and Co.,
 Taylorville, Ill. T. W. PONTING.

This is to certify that we have sold to Theophilus W. Ponting, of Stonington, Illinois, four (4) thoroughbred Cotswold sheep, to-wit: One shearling ram, bred by J. H. Yeomans, Stretton Court, Herefordshire, England, sired by a ram bred by W. Lane, Broadfield, Gloucestershire, England, dam bred by above named Yeomans. Two (2) shearling Ewes bred by said Yeoman, and both sire and dam bred by him. One shearling Ewe bred by James Ward, Brampton Court, Herefordshire, England, sired by a Fletcher ram, dam bred by said Ward. All of the above were imported by us in August, 1881. MORGAN AND COTTON.

December 10, 1881.

I. C.

My son, Theophilus, went to Springfield to the fair, then started to the state fair in Peoria. Two of the last cars of the train he was on ran off the track. My son with his cousin, Dick Stone, was in the car with the sheep, and when the cars turned over, my son was killed. There were no bruises on him. He was stifled. This was the most trying time I have ever had; he was a beautiful son. I may have been more indulgent with his younger

brother, Wayne, than if I had not lost Theophilus. Wayne was about seven months old at the time.

The winter of eighty-two and eighty-three we moved from the old farm at Stonington to the farm we bought of Mr. Snyder. I spent one of the most unhappy winters that I ever spent in my life. The loss of my son, together with moving, seemed to upset me. But I tried to look at the bright side. We had a very good trade in eighty-three, for our thoroughbred cattle. I sold five head to Mr. Jo. Adams for two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. I went to Beecher, Illinois, and bought three cows and two calves of Mr. Miller. They cost one thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. I sold the two calves before they were a year old for nine hundred; that was making money.

The cattle trade in the west got to be very good; people were filling up the country with breeding stock to replace the buffaloes that had been killed out. That spring I received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland asking me to buy three hundred heifers, one, two and three-year-olds. I bought them for him and he came out and got them. The old country people were coming to Wyoming and buying out the herds at all kinds of prices. I heard a story of a Scotchman that sat on a chair in some hilly place to count the cattle he had bought. They said he counted the same cattle twice; they had driven the same cattle by him twice.

That fall Harry Yeoman went back to England to bring out some more Hereford cattle and he

brought me some very good ones. In the fall of eighty-three I got my cattle from Omaha, Neb. They were Oregon cattle and made an excellent lot to feed. We had a good market in eighty-four. There were no she cattle coming in, they were all going to the west for breeding purposes.

Carwardine's great sale was in August, 1884. That was the time Lord Wilton sold for 4,000 guineas (twenty thousand dollars.) Harry Yeoman bought for me at this sale a cow and calf, giving one thousand one hundred and seventy-five dollars of American money for them. This was the highest price I ever paid for a cow and calf. He also bought me about ten others at other places; they cost about three hundred dollars apiece. It turned out to be a splendid transaction and we had a good sale.

In the fall of eighty-four Harry Yeoman's uncle, an old bachelor, came over from the old country. When he returned he sent me three gray Herefords; we would call them roans. There was a time when a good many of the Hereford cattle were roans. They were very good, but I was afraid to keep them for breeding although they recorded alright.

In the fall of eighty-five I sold on contract a great many grades of cattle to the western parties and made some money.

In eighty-six I made a contract with the Wyoming Hereford Association and sold them two hun-

dred and seventy head of Herefords, to be delivered in the spring of eighty-seven, but things got a little mixed. They took part of them and I took a note for them; left about sixty on my hands that had to be made into beef. This firm broke up. My loss on the transaction was about eight thousand dollars; this took off some of the profit. Things began to get pretty bad, but in ninety it began to pick up again, and we thought everything would soon be alright. But in ninety-three we had one of those old-fashioned panics that knocked everything end ways. This was the year of the World's Fair in Chicago. I showed some fat cattle at the fair; three steers, ended one over one, two mares two years, etc. The names were Montgomery Ward, Potter Palmer and Ogden Armour. I got my share of the premiums. Montgomery Ward gave me a very beautiful blanket. We had not had any fat stock show to speak of in Chicago for a year or two. That fall they tried to patch one up at the stock yard. I took my cattle up and showed them. Mr. Armour had always taken all of the fat stock I had shown, saying to weigh them up and send them over to the yard and send in the bill. That fall, while showing the cattle in Chicago I called on the two young gentlemen, sons of P. D. Armour. They told me to do as I had done before; weigh them and send in your bill. At Christmas they sent me a fine roast out of one of them.

In the fall my son, Everette, started to an agricultural college at Guelph, Canada. Before this,

P. D. Armour had wanted to take Everette. He told Mrs. Ponting and me that he would take him, educate him and make a man out of him. Mrs. Ponting always thought I ought to have let him gone.

Money matters were very close that fall, bankers said they did not know what they would do for money. Thornton, at Shelbyville, broke up; that hurt this part of the country. Vandever said he had never turned me away, but not to come if I could help it. Mr. Armour had often told me if I wanted anything to let him know and I should have it, so I wrote (sometime in December, '93) and told him money was close here, and as he had told me I could get what I wanted from him, I would like to get five thousand dollars. He told me to send on the paper and I could have it. I sent him a note for only three thousand.

Everette had written to the college at Guelph, for a catalogue. The president wrote back saying he was deficient in writing and spelling and he would like him to make it up before he entered college. I wrote to the president and said he was right about my son being deficient in book learning, but he would not find him deficient when he was among live stock. I also told him his mother was a German and his father was an Englishman, and he must expect something peculiar, and if there was any royal blood in the world he certainly had it; half German and half English. Everette got along very well. They only had a two-year

course then, unless they were studying to be professors. He got through in ninety-five. He took the first prize as the best judge of sheep and the best judge of cattle; that was something that had never happened before, for the same one to get both prizes. There were quite a good many remarks about it in the different papers. It was copied in the Chicago papers. I got a letter from Mr. Armour about that time and he said he had noticed what the papers had said about Everette, but said it was nothing more than he expected.

In ninety-six the cattle trade picked up. We had considerable trade in the west for breeding stock. In ninety-seven I attended a Hereford cattle sale at Harristown, and bought cattle very cheap. The times improved and it turned out to be an excellent trade. In eighteen ninety-eight we had a large sale, sold both horses and cattle. The cattle sold very well; this seemed to encourage the neighborhood, they thought times were going to get better. Horses sold very low; a horse that would sell for two hundred and fifty dollars now, sold then for about eighty-one.

That winter Mrs. Ponting and I went to Texas. We had to stop one night at Beaumont, Texas. There was a big excitement there over oil. We had telegraphed ahead for rooms, but when we arrived at the hotel they told us we would not be allowed to go inside unless we had the number of our room. I told the clerk we had telegraphed ahead for a room but he said they had telegrams for rooms

several days before they got ours. I told him we were strangers and asked him if he knew where we could get a room. He thought we might get in across the railroad at the Manhattan flats; these flats were some bedrooms over store rooms. These were kept by a Mrs. Freeland. As we were going up the stairs we met three men coming down. We asked the lady if we could have a room. She told us no, that she had already turned away three men.

"We are strangers," I said, "and we do not like to stay out in the street all night."

"But we do not keep women folks here," she answered.

"You will find my wife is a sensible woman. Don't turn us out on the street. We can lay on the floor."

"That would be too bad. I have a roomer that is out, and will not be in until three o'clock in the morning. I will give you his room. If he comes, tell him I put you there."

In the morning I asked how much the room was and found it was two dollars. I asked her if we could have the room for several days. At first she said she could not let me have it, but in answer to my pleadings, she told me to come in at ten o'clock and she would let me know. When I went back at ten she said I could have the room for several days at two dollars a day. I never saw such crowds as I saw in Beaumont, Texas.

In nineteen hundred we had another sale ; things were looking considerably better.

In nineteen hundred and one we sold all of our Hereford herd to a Mr. Humphrey, from Kansas City. My youngest son, who was about twenty years of age, made the sale inside of three hours. It amounted to nearly thirty thousand dollars.

Mrs. Ponting and I went back to Texas that winter and had a very nice time. While there we went out to a station called Dairy, to visit some ranch. We had been told the ranch was close to this station. We found this was true, but the house was nearly two miles from there. We got a colored boy to drive us out. I never rode behind such a team ; the harness was made of rope. We got to the ranch ; had a good dinner and spent the day pleasantly. In the evening one of the ranchmen took us back to the station. There was no house at the station, therefore, we could not tell what time the train was due. A man living close came over bringing a lantern to flag the train for us. We sat down on the track to wait for the train. We could not light the lantern on account of the mosquitoes. The train got there about eleven o'clock. Soon after we got on the train, there came up a tremendous storm. We thought it was lucky it did not come sooner. While at Houston I went south some distance and bought one thousand two hundred and twenty acres of land ; it was as fine land as I ever saw. I think the advantages of buying land in the coast country are

✓

as good as it was in Illinois fifty years ago, but the returns will come to the buyer quicker than they did here.

In the spring of nineteen hundred and two we gathered another bunch of Hereford cattle, thinking we would start another herd. During the summer a gentleman came from Iowa and bought the whole of them. That was my last Hereford cattle trade.

In the spring of nineteen hundred and three our children and our friends advised us to quit business and retire. We had a good girl that had been living with us about eight years, but she got married, and we found it hard to replace her. We concluded to divide our property among our children, keeping sufficient to do us as long as we lived. We had twenty-seven hundred acres of land; fifteen hundred of it being in Christian County. After we divided we bought us a house in town. We thought a small house would be better for us than a large one, but we found that was a mistake.

In nineteen four Mrs. Ponting and I went to England on a visit. We enjoyed the trip very much. We made our stopping place in the city of Bath. I think it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. While here we stayed with one of my nephews, who was a financially successful man. They did everything they could for our comfort. In two or three days, as soon as she learned we were there, my sister came over to visit us. We spent a great deal of time while in England, in

ten different counties. I took Mrs. Ponting to the little village where they paid the old school teacher two pence a week. This was where, if we asked the old lady what a certain letter was, she would say, "If you do not know, I can not tell you."

I found everything about as it was fifty-seven years ago; they make very little change there. Of course this does not apply to the cities. There are many things to admire in England, they have good roads and many flowers. They are very happy there, but in a different way from what we are. I found my relations as a general thing, on both father and mother's side, doing well, some of them were quite wealthy.

I visited Faucet church, where my ancestors were buried. I enjoyed it very much, although the records had been destroyed; only had records for two hundred and ninety-eight years back.

If we live, Mrs. Ponting and I are going back to England in a couple of years.

In nineteen hundred and five Mrs. Ponting and I took a trip to the west. Our first stop was at Miles City, Montana, where we visited a couple of bachelors that had come from England some years before. It was about ninety miles to where they lived and we hired a team and mountain wagon to take us up there. Everette and his wife went with us on that trip. We did not see any other women from Tuesday until Sunday, but they said it was the trip of their lives. Everette's wife says when

the baby is large enough she is going to take him and go back there again.

Our next stop was Bozeman, Montana. Here we met some friends. The fair was going on there, and one of our friends was president of it. Nothing would do him but that I must judge the cattle. I tried to plead off, but it was of no use. I must have given them satisfaction for this last season they wanted me or one of my boys to come out and judge the cattle at the Montana State Fair. We stopped at Bozeman about ten days. I think it was about the nicest country I was ever in; it had fine irrigation. There were a great many millionaires there; the people were very sociable.

We next stopped at Tacoma, Washington. While here we took a trip out to where they were growing hops. We saw hundreds of Indians. They came from the British possessions to gather hops. I never saw such fruits; all kinds. I think the apples were the best I ever ate.

We went to Seattle and called on Judge George. We met his uncle while we were in England and he urged us to call on his nephew. His nephew had a beautiful home. He asked us to stop with them a few days, but we stayed only a few hours. Seattle is a very business-like place.

Our next stop was at Portland; we stayed there about ten days. While there we went to the Portland fair. Those big fairs are about all alike; when you see one you have seen them all, the only diff-

erence is they are in a different part of the country.

We stopped at Albany, Oregon, about ten days, with some friends. The dear lady that we stopped with, died recently. We were glad we had made them a visit. Albany is where they grow prunes; hundreds of acres of prunes. We have been getting our prunes from there the last two years; they are fine.

We stopped about a week at San Francisco, but I did not like it there. We then stopped at Los Angeles. I got a better meal there for the money than I ever got before.

Our main stop in California was with a friend that had been our neighbor many years ago. Pasadena was the most beautiful city I was ever in. The homes are beautiful; they are owned, as a rule, by eastern parties who come there to spend the winter. They spare no money in making beautiful homes. It is a city of flowers.

Our next stop was at Salt Lake City. I admired some of the work that had been done through Brigham Young. Some day history will pronounce Brigham Young a wonderful man. He gathered together some very industrious people and ruled and managed them. While in Salt Lake City we called on a neighbor's son. He had married a Mormon woman. She was an excellent housekeeper and I should judge, a good help mate. This young man was a fine business man and a credit to any country.

We intended to stop at Laramie City, Wyom-

ing, but everything there was covered with snow, so we went on to Denver, where we thought we would stop for a few days, but the weather was damp and cold, something that does not often happen in Denver, so we came on to Kansas City, and spent a few days. I attended the cattle market there and had a nice time among old friends. After leaving Kansas City, we came on home.

We spent the winter in the little house we had purchased, but in the spring of ninety-six we concluded we would build us a new house, which we did.

On the twenty-sixth of September we celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. I hope we will live to celebrate our diamond anniversary in nineteen hundred and thirty-one.

We are very comfortably situated, doing nothing but reading the news. In a few weeks we are going to Ohio to visit some distant relations of my wife and my brother John, who lives in Mount Vernon. We will then go on to the Jamestown Exposition.

We have made no plans farther than this trip. Everything I have written in this story of my life is true; I may have given some date wrong, but I do not think I have. I have written this to satisfy my children. I look over my past life and see many mistakes I have made, but I wonder that I have not made more and I would have if I had not had such a wonderful help mate. I have always had sunshine in my home; Mrs. Ponting deserves all of the credit for this; she has a lovely disposition.

TOM CANDY PONTING.

Adenda

When I came to Chicago in 1848 there was only one cattle market west of the Allegheny Mountains and that was at St. Louis. At that time there were a good many cattle sold for the New Orleans market during the spring and winter.

The present six big western markets have all been started since that time.

At Fort Worth there was nothing but a large fort and force of United States soldiers to subdue the Indians around there.

✓ The principal markets in those days were New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

When we had over twenty-five hundred cattle a week in New York it was considered a heavy run.

It took ninety days to make the trip to New York with cattle and we had to wait until the roads settled in the spring before we started.

At the present day sixty thousand cattle are not thought an over burdensome run for Chicago in one week.

The time is not far off when Kansas City will no doubt be as great if not a greater market than Chicago is today.

There were a very few hogs slaughtered west of Cincinnati. There were a few slaughtered on the

Wabash river between Lafayette and Terre Haute, Keokuk, Iowa, Beardstown, Illinois, Alton and St. Louis. They put the pork in barrels in those days and not salted and cured as they do it now.

It was all shipped south to feed the cotton growers. The killing had to be done in winter time as they did not use any ice.

The first winter I was in America they killed thousands of sheep in New York for their hides and tallow, a great difference from lambs selling at eight cents per pound as they are now.

I think the people were even happier then than now as they did not all expect to become millionaires.

There has probably never been any one come from the old country that has received better treatment from the American people than I did.

If some of my relations should read this one hundred years from now they will see what great changes have taken place.

The last fat show we showed at was the first International, in 1900. We won second for best car of cattle—Hereford Specials, and other prizes, so we were well paid; but as we sold our herd soon after have not shown any since.

Margaret died Oct 1922
Jessie drowned to death May
1925



THE REVIEW PRESS, BOSTON.